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Editors' Shop Talk

It's now three years since we first planned to publish an *Antioch Review* anthology. We haven't spent all the intervening time seeking a publisher or working on the forthcoming book. But it's true that for many months our manuscript knocked about New York looking for a taker. When editors can't find a publisher, maybe that's news. At any rate, it put the shoe on our other foot, and perhaps made us a little more considerate of some of the literary brain children which sought a home in our current pages.

The volume to be published this fall is not quite the one we projected in 1950-51. Yet the general outline is similar. One of our original aims was to reprint a representative section of early editorial matter; but much of this, published in wartime, now seems dated by forgotten references or simply by the passage of days and the disappearance of circumstance. We helplessly abandoned also a section entitled "The Wide World" dealing with foreign affairs, chiefly because we found it difficult to make a *few* representative selections.

We added what we earlier had not contemplated, a small section of poetry and another of review articles. Both are relatively recent features of the magazine, but we believe they will add attractiveness to the book.

The number of pages in a volume, we discover, are never enough. We regret, for example, that we couldn't find a place for William Carleton's substantial article "What the World Federalists Neglect"; and that among the six short stories allowed us we couldn't include Vern Sneider's exciting (but long) melodrama of Formosa, "A Pail of Oysters," or Irwin Stark's novelette "The Bridge," which eight years after publication is still earning its author prize money. Unfortunately, you can't have everything.

We emphasize here that the original list of articles and short fiction was the result of the collective judgment of the Editorial Board, and that later shifts, to give balance and to fit the space at our disposal, were accomplished with the board's approval. The anthology, like the magazine, has been a co-operative enterprise.

The Antioch Review Anthology will be published by the World Publishing Company October 5 as Antioch College is celebrating the centennial of its founding with the cutting of a huge birthday cake. About that time also will appear a biographical work about Horace Mann, Antioch's first president, by Louise Tharp. Mann, we trust, would have approved *The Antioch Review* and its anthology.

The Demagogue and the Intellectual

By AARON LEVENSTEIN

THE DEMAGOGUE has been at war with the Intellectual throughout history, but never has the mob-man had so much emotional justification for besieging the scientist and the scholar, for smashing test tubes, for throwing the printing press into the river and the books into the flames. In no other age have the seeds of inquiry brought such fruits of evil and anxiety to the world. Not since Eve reached for the apple has man so dreaded what his curiosity has revealed. The cause of it all has been the serpent of intellect, and it is as if the Demagogue has been sent by God to reiterate the curse, "Upon thy belly shalt thou crawl, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life."

And yet society has to preserve its Intellectuals. They are as fallible as their less erudite brethren; they discover wisdom and unlearn it; they set up theories that are false but sometimes lead to light; they reward the nation that tolerates them by preventing stagnation. This is the least that can be said for them. More important, they are a delicate mechanism that sounds the warning to all the people when tyranny's jackboot is raised. From time to time, they are victimized by the Demagogue as a warning to all dissenters.

This war between the Demagogue and the Intellectual has been going on from the first moment Cain envied Abel's soft, intellectual ways—right down to the latest session of the Senate's Permanent Investigating Committee. Unhappily, our generation's Intellectual is not standing up too well under the attack, even though his lot is much easier than that of his forbears. The stake doesn't wait for him as it did for Giordano Bruno. The worst that can happen to him personally are loss of job and hostile gossip—serious penalties, to be sure. Yet he

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finds these harder to face because, until recently, he never had it so good. Too many government jobs have softened him up; too many off-campus assignments in "applied research" have weakened his dedication. Maybe that explains why he is out of condition and is showing up poorly in the present round of the battle of the centuries. The Intellectual had better get back into training as fast as he can.

The Demagogue is having a picnic chasing his betters. It is worthy of note that Senator McCarthy has never pursued trade unionists. He goes after economists, foreign affairs specialists, college professors, writers. It's more fun mugging an old frock-coated gentleman than a greasy truck-driver—and likely to be more lucrative. Besides, it's much safer, judging by the results so far.

To date, the Intellectual has not done well in his own defense even though one would imagine that in the committee hearing room, he would shine. There, articulateness should be important—and who is more articulate than the Intellectual? Yet the extraordinary fact is that he has stammered and faltered. In other times, the Intellectual thrown into the cockpit struck out with flashing spurs, and either won a thumbs-up verdict or died in the dust.

But the Intellectual of our day has won no admiration for himself because he has not defended his innocence with skill. Undoubtedly, there have been some who had no innocence to defend. Sidney Hook has stressed the importance of the distinction between the heretic and the conspirator—between the Intellectual who thinks for himself and the dogmatist who thinks according to a party line. Both the conspirator and the Demagogue would like to erase the distinction—the conspirator to defend his conspiracy behind the mantle of heresy; the Demagogue to destroy all heresy under the blanket charge of conspiracy. Between the two the Intellectual is in deadly danger. Unfortunately, he has been doing a poor job of protecting himself from the thrust of the Demagogue while repulsing the embrace of the conspirator. The Demagogue is making progress in his campaign to confuse the dissenter with the disloyal. It is important, of course, for the Intellectual to help arraign the guilty—for example, to expose the historian who deliberately falsifies the past in order to build the party's future. This is a task that the Intellectual must perform in any event, but its performance will not of itself preserve him from destruction at the hands of the Demagogue.

Consider the professor called by a senatorial investigating committee to explain why he once wanted to free Tom Mooney and the Scottsboro boys. He goes to the witness stand feeling like his most backward student facing a quiz in quadratics. Only this time it's the pupil who's going to ask the questions. Vaguely, the professor is aware that the tables have been turned. And the pupil? All the resentment he has felt toward his tormenter of bygone days can now be freely expressed. The urchin can throw his spitballs without waiting for teacher to turn his back. This is the glorious opportunity to get even for ancient humiliations.

There is an American folk-saying, "The bigger they are, the harder they fall." Its popularity stems from the fact that the bigger they are, the harder we want them to fall. That's why we like to believe ill of the great or prominent. Tell us that our neighbor committed adultery, and we will shrug our shoulders and forget it. But tell us that the Minister of State or the Field Commander or the Professor of Mathematical Biology regularly attend a Black Mass, and we will believe it instantly; we will put our lips to every ear we encounter and start the story on a globe-girdling tour. It is this quality in all of us on which the Demagogue relies.

Confronted with the unfounded charge in the legislative hearing room, the Intellectual finds himself governed by rules that would be unthinkable in his classroom, his laboratory or his study. "You are here to answer questions," he is told. "You are not permitted to volunteer information." Now he becomes aware that he has been forced into a poker game with card sharks who make a living at it, and the cards are marked. The dealer is cordial, but he lets you see the shoulder-holster hanging over his chair. He shuffles the deck, and you wonder what's up his sleeve. As for the Intellectual, all the other players know his hand—the members of the committee and the whole staff of counsel arrayed against him. They have questioned him in private, obtained his whole story. That procedure could safeguard the innocent, but not when the Demagogue presides. Now he can put on the record only those bits and pieces that can be arranged into the picture he wants, a jig-saw puzzle that in no way resembles the original photograph of events.

In effect, the proceeding is twisted into a system under which a demagogic chairman can compel perjury. The witness takes an oath

to "tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth"—but he is virtually forced on the stand to tell only that part of the truth that his investigator wants. A witness before Senator McCarthy's committee, for example, was forced to testify that he was born in the Russian consulate in Constantinople. Senator McCarthy explained that obviously nobody could be born in a Russian consulate unless his parents were quite acceptable to the Soviet regime. Eventually, the unhappy man who had been foolish enough to permit himself to be born in such unhallowed precincts, succeeded in adding this information to the story: The Constantinople consulate at that time was headquarters for the White Russians and his parents were Czarist refugees who had fled there from the Bolsheviks. Even after the facts were called to the Senator's attention, he repeated in a public address that the witness's parents must have been acceptable to the Communists, et cetera ad nauseam.

When a witness is compelled to testify to a half-truth because he is not allowed to tell all the relevant facts, is not his interrogator morally guilty of suborning perjury? Stanley Baldwin, the Tory prime minister of Great Britain, once said: "Though it has been accepted through the ages that half a loaf is better than no bread, half a truth is not only not better than no truth, it is worse than many lies, and the slave of lies and half truths is ignorance."

The Intellectual on the witness stand, then, faces as his first challenge the need to protect himself against being forced to speak half-truths. This is much more difficult for the Intellectual than for other people. His effort to see things whole involves him in a thousand subtleties of qualification and differentiation. The closer you come to his specialty, the more aware he is of shadings of value, of significant differences, where the layman can see only uniformity or identity. Speaking of the early years of Christianity, the man-in-the-street thinks only of one sect; to the historian there are Arians, Monophysites, Nicaeans, Donatists, Manichaeans, and so on. In the eyes of the Demagogue of that day, they were all Christians, hence atheists because they denied the Gods worshipped by the state.

The Intellectual knows that blindness to shadings provides the conspiratorial Communist with the kind of protective coloration he needs to escape detection. The Demagogue, in hurling indiscriminate charges of Communism, creates an immunity more effective than

refusals to answer under the Fifth Amendment. He produces the same result that Fatima achieved in the *Arabian Nights* story: when the agent of the forty thieves put a distinguishing sign on the door of Ali Baba's house, she destroyed the identification by putting the same mark on every other door in the neighborhood.

The capacity to make distinctions is the factor that distinguishes the Intellectual from the Demagogue, as the capacity to think distinguishes man from the beast. In fact, the controversy between the Intellectual and the Demagogue originates partially in this difference between them. And this is why the Intellectual and the Demagogue have never really been able to live together at any time in history. Their difference in method, for example, makes it impossible for the two to cooperate even in fighting a common foe.

By way of illustration, take an investigation in the fourth century. Numerius, a government official, was charged with embezzling the property of the state. Delfidius, the judge, having as much trouble as McCarthy in assembling evidence of guilt, was ready to convict anyway. But the Emperor Julian (known as the Apostate because he was an Intellectual) refused to tolerate a conviction without evidence. Establishing the prototype for all time, Delfidius the Demagogue asked, "Can anyone, most mighty Cæsar, ever be found guilty if it be enough to deny the charge?" And Julian the Intellectual provided the answer for all time: "Can anyone be proved innocent if it be enough to have accused him?"

In all ages, the Demagogue has used another judicial theory that is intolerable to the Intellectual: let the guilty be punished, though the innocent perish with them. God was prepared to let all the wicked in Sodom and Gomorrah escape in order to spare the 50 who were righteous—the 40, the 10. The Intellectuals of the Talmud spelled it out: "Better that 99 guilty escape than that one innocent man be punished." When Theodosius vented his wrath on the whole populace of Thessalonica for the misconduct of a mob, Ambrose refused to perform the mass in the Emperor's presence, personally barring his way into the Cathedral until he had stripped himself of the insignia of imperial office and humbled himself as a simple penitent. That was the first day in the history of western civilization that the Demagogue bowed to the Intellectual. It should happen more often.

It is inevitable that the Demagogue should resent the Intellectual's refusal to use his methods. The Demagogue is the partisan of simplicity, of the flat (and the flat-headed) answer. The Intellectual is the exponent of the complicated, well-rounded (the egg-headed) answer; he must see the subject matter from all sides. And that requires that the Intellectual must have adventured among ideas, many contradictory ideas. Before you can get your wings as an Intellectual, you must fly solo and do your own navigating—nobody can say for how many hours. That may give you a reputation as a person with both feet planted in mid-air; possibly as a person with queer ideas. But you will cover a lot of ground. To be sure, you may never stay very long in any of those places. But you will never be the same person again. Even when you finally settle down, you will not be provincial.

Of course there are dangers. Some people have been known to crash as they wander about exploring various ideas—some potential Intellectuals have wound up as Communists or Fascists and developed a provincialism and chauvinism that render them one with the Demagogue. The Intellectual is not infallible, but he is safe as long as he knows his fallibility. The Demagogue is dangerous because he hates the Intellectual's fallible wisdom and acts on the basis of his own infallible ignorance.

The difference is visible in the way the two fight against communism, and explains further why they cannot join hands in the fight. The simplicitarian Demagogue must fight Communism simply; the complex Intellectual must fight it with complexity. The Demagogue—he happens to be the editor of the London *Daily Mail* in this instance—fights simply when he says: "What should our attitude be? This can best be decided by noting what the Soviets would have this country do and taking the opposite course." All neat and simple. The only trouble is that life is not that simple, and finding out what the Soviets would have us do is a very complicated process for which we need at the very least a Central Intelligence Agency consisting of many specialists, analysts, psychologists, historians, Russian experts—all of whom find this very simple task a full-time, brain-exhausting job in which they never have absolute certainty but must constantly be on the lookout for new evidence and new interpretations.

To the Demagogue, fighting Communism is a very simple matter; to experts on Communism it is a matter of the most subtle strategic

and tactical maneuver. In this as in every other sphere that challenges the intelligence of man, those who best understand the subject matter are the people who still have the largest number of unanswered inquiries about it. It can be truly said that the best informed in any field are those who have mapped out and are most aware of the large areas of their own ignorance.

If there is any one quality that stamps the Intellectual it is his mental habit of asking questions. His roving mind asks questions in every area that is of importance to the human being. And his question is not just rhetorical. It is more than reversing the verb and the subject in a sentence and putting a question mark at the end. His query reflects genuine doubting and seeking. And in testing his tentative answers, he has very different standards from the Demagogue: the Demagogue feels vindicated if he is right in one case out of 205 or 81 or 57; to the Intellectual that would be a shameful score—especially when the lives and reputations of human beings are involved.

The Intellectual, with his many questions, is not afraid to be wrong, even though his discarded errors may be raised against him later by the Demagogue. In economics, he explores the virtues and vices of capitalism, single tax, socialism, communism, technocracy, Veblenism, Keynesianism, and all the rest. His exploration will be all the more worthy if it is conducted with every effort to restrain his own bias and predilections, with an objectivity that can come only from skepticism. In the field of religion, he will raise similar challenges with the same sense of open inquiry. And again, in studying the cultural patterns of his world, he will ask the same type of searching questions about social institutions like marriage.

It is not accidental that in the case of the Intellectuals who are being subpoenaed today by the Congressional Committees, the cross-examination touches so often on their early intellectual experience. Did not the Intellectual say 20 years ago that he thought the institution of marriage would undergo many substantial revisions, given a new form of economic society? It does not matter that the Intellectual, unlike his tormentor, has long been happily married—or would be if the Demagogue would leave him in peace.

To the Demagogue, perhaps the most serious offense that the Intellectual commits is that he is a weigher of consequences. This is one of those virtues that all too often, particularly in the case of the

Intellectual, becomes a vice. It frequently paralyzes him, renders him incapable of action. Because he has so many unanswered questions he likes to postpone decision. The Demagogue, on the other hand, is always the proponent of action—precisely because he has no questions and does not have to anticipate consequences.

There is no doubt, though, that in the conflict between the two, the Demagogue has the short-run advantage because he is a man of action while the Intellectual soliloquizes. In the hearing room, Caliban sits on the rostrum and swings the gavel while Hamlet debates with himself. That's what makes it so hard for the Intellectual on the witness stand to make a creditable showing. And yet there is every reason for the Prince of Denmark to triumph: he has the wit, the eloquence—if not the sword.

In a more mystical age, it might have been said that the present humiliation of the Intellectual by the Philistines is the penance he must pay for his own sins in failing to rescue those who were humiliated before him. Though the Intellectual has always been offended by the Demagogue's tactics, he has not lifted his voice in any effective remonstrance. The fact is that the Demagogue has been attacking the values of the Intellectual for many years; in the past few months the Demagogue has begun this systematic attack on the person of the Intellectual himself. It is as if the watchdog had slept as the house was looted; only when the contemptuous burglar finally kicked the beast did he begin to bark. Soon, very soon, it is to be hoped—he may even bite.

For the fact is that the indecent weapons now being wielded by the Demagogue with mad abandon in Washington are offenses against the most sacred values of the Intellectual. Above all stands the Demagogue's assault on logic. If he triumphs, then the textbooks—all the way back to Aristotle—will have to be rewritten, as Soviet philology was rewritten by a man who spoke Russian with a Georgian accent, and as Soviet genetics was rewritten by an ingenious and very well educated peasant named Trofim Lysenko. Until now there has been an assumption that this cancer of Illogic can be isolated in the social body—in the lungs of politics, to choose the first figure that comes to mind so soon after an election campaign. Unfortunately, the isolation of social evil is not possible. The history of nations in which totali-

tarianism has triumphed demonstrates that the monolith, once raised, continues to throw its shadow across ever larger areas of thought.

Why have none of our Intellectuals written any studies of Senator McCarthy's system of logic? "The Syllogism and the Senator" could be an entertaining as well as an educational book, and useful too. Yet it has not been done. While the Senator is making merry with the Organum of Aristotle (who is happily beyond the reach of Congressional subpoena), the academician was regretful but inactive. Now that he himself is in the ring with the great "crowd-pleaser," to use the ring announcer's term, the Intellectual had better do a job of instructing the populace in the principles of logic. It's a matter of national, as well as personal, survival.

For a rampant Fallacy of the Undistributed Middle, running berserk throughout the land under Senatorial franking privileges, was bad enough. But now it no longer rides the mail cars; it's traveling by air, reaching into millions of homes via radio and television. Here is the sacred syllogism of Demagogy: "The Communists criticize McCarthy; *Time* magazine criticizes McCarthy; therefore *Time* magazine is Communist." Individuals have been spitted on the Demagogue's fallacy of affirming the consequent: "If you're a Communist, you don't go to church; *you* don't go to church; therefore, ***you*** are a Communist." But this is more than an individual tragedy; it is a system of logic that is being enunciated and developed with Congressional appropriations. This system of logic may enjoy Senatorial immunity from prosecution for libel but it should be indicted on the blackboard of every freshman class in logic.

The Intellectual will continue to occupy his present posture of self-defense until he succeeds in his defense of logic itself. In defending himself now, he will continue to fail if he defends only himself—and not logic. The Intellectuals at bay who have made a poor showing failed in their personal defense precisely because they refused to defend their role as Intellectuals.

Take the case of the 43-year-old government official called to the stand by Senator McCarthy's committee. He was reminded that as a student he edited his university's campus newspaper; that he wrote a book condemning the commercialization of college football; that he was expelled from the university because he had joined with other students in protesting the firing of a Communist professor. According

to the New York *Times*, the witness explained—with great emotion—that he had "rid himself of all those philosophies by 1934. The committee directed him to produce by next Monday evidence to show that he had devoted his time since then to repudiation of his earlier views."

I find it hard to see any distinction between this demand for recantation and confession and the familiar invention on which Moscow can claim the patent—subject to challenge by the Inquisition. Shostakovich acknowledged his error and promised that he had long since abandoned such counter-revolutionary counterpoint as had crept into his music. Galileo, another intellectual at bay, genuflected and spoke the formula presented to him by the Florentine inquisitors; a kindly legend has suggested that he muttered as he rose, "E pur si muove." Our twentieth century victim wasn't asked to kneel. Let us hope he thought, "And still they give scholarships to ringers." He had the right to change his mind on many statements in his book; indeed, if he had not changed his mind, he would have been a sadly arrested individual. But it is hard to understand why he recanted in terms of self-repudiation. Quite obviously, he was not saving his government post. The hideous thing is that, knowing his job was done for, he still played the role of penitent to the unforgiving Torquemada who was going to burn him anyhow. Somebody ought to investigate the human race to find out why so many in our age "confess" even though death is a certainty and their confession cannot save them. Something in our guilt-ridden generation makes us face our own destruction with self-contempt. We have lost our capacity to convert inevitable death into the immortality of martyrdom. What is responsible for it? Perhaps it's evolution, or prosperity, or psychological insight, that has brought us to a point in the development of the race where it is no longer possible for a man to say, "Though you slay me, this is what I believe—I cannot believe otherwise; this is what I am—I cannot be otherwise!"

No, it must still be possible somewhere in the world—in our own country at least—for a man to stand up and say: "In my youth I asked many questions and I pursued many phantoms in my search for truth. I have wandered in many pathways where I thought the truth could be found. Often I have been compelled to retrace my steps and pick up the chase afresh. I regret hours lost, but I am not ashamed of them. I am proud that I had the courage to seek and find the philosophy I now hold. I know what I think today, and I believe it firmly enough

to die for it, though not so firmly but what I would abandon it if persuasive evidence were introduced against it. I am not ashamed of my past. I would not think as I do today if I had not thought as I did yesterday. And I would not have the answers I have today if I had not voiced the questions I asked yesterday."

Any other kind of statement is not only a humiliation to the Intellectual but a disservice to his countrymen. For the rejection of the process of growth-through-inquiry is that very "corruption of our youth" against which the Demagogue warns but for which he is responsible. To humble a grown man for the gropings of his youth is to teach the young to abandon the bold adventure of the mind. It is an incomplete answer for the Intellectual to assert that he no longer holds ideas considered profane by the Demagogues. To say that, however unwillingly, is to help the Demagogue throw a bridle on the head of intellect.[1]

It is not easy for the Intellectual to wage this fight outside his own study. His form of polemics is different from that of the lawyer at the bar or the businessman in the conference room. The war of ideas is never a blitzkreig; it is a patient war of attrition. The educator, the researcher, the technical expert, are not accustomed to the quick sudden rush, the evasive shift, the flank attack, the sharp riposte, the sneaky trap. They are accustomed only to arguments honestly advanced.

Take the trickery of the question that one Senator asked to this effect: "Would you hire somebody for your job who believes the things you wrote twenty years ago?" "No"—and a great cross-examining triumph for the Senator who had "proved" from the witness's own lips that he was unqualified for his job. In any other forum the answer

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[1]Since this article was written, two men have successfully defended the role of the Intellectual from the witness stand. The first was James Wechsler, editor of the New York *Post*, who set McCarthy back on his heels by taking this firm position: "I have been guilty, as I freely acknowledge, of criticizing you pretty hard. I stand by that criticism. . . . I think it is your basic belief that the only test of patriotism, as I said before, is the attitude of the newspaper editor toward the operations of your committee in this field. I cannot and do not meet that test and do not propose, if I may say so, to try to meet it." Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, in his testimony before the House Un-American Activities Committee, also came off with an impressive victory because he refused to recant and insisted on the right of dissent.

could have been: "No, I would not hire for this job a bright, highly intelligent, twenty-two year old boy, groping his way to maturity, seeking, inquiring, challenging." Did the people who watched the spectacle on their television screens realize that they had seen a perfect, demagogic example of the semantic error known as "failure to date"?

Perhaps the most difficult problem for the Intellectual, as it has always been, is the situation in which he is confronted by the Demagogue's argument: "Everybody knows" or "it is well known." It is used constantly at the United Nations by the master, Vishinsky himself. "Everybody knows that the United States launched an aggressive, imperialistic attack on Korea and the People's Government of China." Of course it is not true that everybody knows anything; anthropology and the Gallup Poll demonstrate that it's almost impossible to find anything on which Everybody agrees. But even if the proposition under discussion bore a testimonial from Everybody, it would create at best a rebuttable presumption in any courtroom governed by intelligence. No Intellectual will accept the great, untutored *Jedermann* as his authority for anything. One lonely scientist bent over a test tube has more evidence to offer than all the generations of the sons of Everybody who testify out of their prejudices, fears, preconceptions, superstitions, ignorance. At one time it was Everybody who had two eyes versus Galileo who had one telescope; Everybody with common sense versus Columbus, another of those egg-heads, with his egg.

Suppose the fate of atomic energy had hinged on a peace-time decision by Congress, as quite properly it might have. Try to imagine the proceedings before the Senate Committee on Government Expenditures, headed by Senator McCarthy. Can you picture Einstein on the stand? "Has not your name appeared on this letter-head and that? . . . Are you not in favor of world government and socialism? . . . Are you asking us to spend two billion dollars on an idea suggested by a man who holds such radical political views? . . . Actually, Professor, you are basically a mathematician and astronomer, not a physicist—isn't that true—answer yes or no? . . . Everybody knows that an atom is the smallest unit of matter, so how can it be split when it's already down to the smallest unit?" The irony is that the television audience would have no trouble understanding the simplicitarian, while Einstein on the atom would sound as unintelligible as an idiot—or worse, like a long-hair.

One of the most common tricks used by the Demagogue in the hearing room is "extension of one's opponent's proposition," as Professor Robert H. Thouless called it back in 1932. For example, a witness testifies to what he knows and is then told that he is accusing another witness of perjury. In logic and in fact, of course, he is doing no such thing. In effect, the inquisitor has enlarged the testimony beyond the intention of the witness, either to confound him or to make him a tool for the destruction of another.

This demagogic technique of "extension" is used in the effort to quiet any and all criticism. To speak ill of a Senator of the United States is to attack the whole government. Opposition to the abusive behavior of Committee members is extended to mean a denial of the Congressional right to investigate for purposes of drafting legislation. Or a valid indictment of one or two members of a group or profession is extended, by innuendo, to cover all. There are a variety of different ways in which this technique is used to gouge out the eyes of truth.

For instance, the alchemy of the Demagogue easily transmutes "some" (or "many" or "most") into "all."

Q. You admit that Communists opposed Chiang?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you not say in your lecture that Chiang's government was corrupt?

A. Yes—but I—

Q. Thank you, Professor.

Here the Demagogue's sleight-of-hand has converted the fact that "some critics of Chiang are Communists" into "all critics of Chiang are Communists." At the same time, the Demagogue is creating the impression that "some professors are Communists" means "all professors are Communists." It's very much like the old shell game: you just cover the facts with a different shell.

The crudest fraud of the Demagogue, however, is the sorites by which he builds this masterpiece of logical architecture: "We don't know" equals "maybe," equals "probably," equals "it's an admitted fact." The Russians used to be frequent practitioners of this art at the UN but they have decided in recent months that it's cheaper to start off with an "admitted fact." Vishinsky's vodka cocktail has been Americanized. Here are the ingredients of the McCarthy cocktail:

Start by looking for some old facts in the refrigerator. If you have none substitute a surmise for the lack of fact; now add an inference; season with a bold deduction; add a note of positiveness; now throw in a suggestion of "Everybody knows." For a taste, here's a paragraph from McCarthy's campaign speech against Stevenson—sip slowly:

"I hold in my hand a photostat of the *Daily Worker* of October 19, 1952. That is only eight days old. They damn Eisenhower and what they call 'Eisenhowerism' and then go on to say that ***they do not like Stevenson too well, either***, but that if Communists want to vote for Stevenson, okay, vote for him—but vote for no one else on the Democrat ticket—elect local Progressive Party candidates and pile up a big vote for those Communist candidates who are in the field. This, my friends, is the Communist jargon which is understood by every Communist writer in the country. ***This constitutes a complete endorsement*** and orders to Communists to support Stevenson. . . ." (Italics mine).

The equation of extension operates very smoothly. Separated by only one short sentence, "they do not like Stevenson too well" is made to equal "a complete endorsement." (Is it necessary to note that nowhere in that issue of the *Daily Worker* was there anything that suggested Communist Party approval of Stevenson?)

Finally, there's the old, never-failing weapon of begging the question—that is, asserting as a fact the very matter that is waiting to be proved. The witness is testifying that twenty years ago he defended the right of a Communist professor to teach, but has changed his mind on this subject. He calls attention to the fact that Senator Taft thinks Communists should be permitted to teach in colleges. "But your background," says the committee chairman, as if settling the issue, "is different from Senator Taft's." But the man's background is precisely the issue before the committee, the chairman himself having made it the primary issue. Under other circumstances, the Intellectual might find this incident a useful illustration of begging the question—the process of claiming a home run without bothering to touch first base, or second or third. The Senator is still trying to earn his place in the history books; but he has already won a permanent spot in the logic texts.

Such are some of the forms in which the Intellectual is being challenged by the Demagogue. He must meet the ordeal by stating the

truth without evasion. It is unthinkable that he should ever refuse to answer on the ground of self-incrimination under the Fifth Amendment. Anybody who gives that answer automatically cuts himself off from the tradition of the Intellectual under attack. By definition, the Intellectual is one who refuses to recognize that belief in an idea can be incriminating. It may be unpopular, it may lead to painful consequences; but regardless of how it's likely to be received, an honest idea is something to be asserted before as large a forum as you can possibly find—be it a hearing room or a television camera.

The professor of philosophy who recently ran for cover behind the Fifth Amendment has no precedent in the history of philosophy. Some of his persecuted predecessors recanted, some went to the stake, but none ever refused to talk. It is instructive to contrast his case with that of another teacher of philosophy, one who never rode the party line or bowed his head before a Demagogue. Hailed before the House Un-Athenian Activities Committee, Socrates did not seek his defense in the sophistries of lawyers. "I am more than seventy years of age and appearing now for the first time in a court of law; I am quite a stranger to the language of the place," he said. He promised that he would speak as he had always spoken—as a philosopher: "From me you shall hear the whole truth."

Certainly our philosophy professor cannot claim his ordeal was greater than that of Socrates. The cup of shame was present in the twentieth-century hearing room, but not the cup of hemlock. In the course of his trial, Socrates faced many of the same handicaps as are found in the current investigations: "Hardest of all, I do not know and cannot tell the names of my accusers. . . . I cannot have them up here, and cross-examine them, and therefore I must simply fight with shadows in my own defense, and argue when there is no one who answers." Repeatedly his Apologia pleads, "Men of Athens, do not interrupt, but hear me."

The charge against the Intellectual is always the same: "Socrates is an evil-doer, and a curious person, who searches into things under the earth and in heaven, and he makes the worse appear the better cause; and teaches the aforesaid doctrines to others." And: "Misleader of youth . . . doer of evil and corrupter of youth . . . that I teach them not to acknowledge the gods which the State acknowledges but some other new divinities or spiritual agencies in their stead."

And his answer to the charge was an affirmation of his role as an intellectual, stated with an awareness that it meant death but not incrimination: "If you say to me, Socrates, this time we will not mind Anytus, and you shall be let off, but upon one condition, that you are not to enquire and speculate in this way any more, and that if you are caught doing so again you shall die;—if this was the condition on which you let me go, I should reply: Men of Athens, I honor and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you, and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the practice and teaching of philosophy, exhorting any one whom I meet. . . ."

Such were the words of the heretic who spurned the conspirator and the Demagogue alike. No Intellectual will quarrel with Socrates' verdict on his own defense, after the sentence was passed on him. It is the answer of the true Intellectual in every age.

"I thought at the time that I ought not to do anything common or mean when in danger: nor do I now repent of the style of my defence; I would rather die having spoken after my manner, than speak in your manner and live. For neither in war nor yet at law ought I or any man to use every way of escaping death. Often in battle there can be no doubt that if a man will throw away his arms, and fall on his knees before his pursuers, he may escape death; and in other dangers there are other ways of escaping death, if a man is willing to say and do anything. The difficulty, my friends, is not to avoid death, but to avoid unrighteousness; for that runs faster than death. I am old and move slowly, and the slower runner has overtaken me, and my accusers are keen and quick, and the faster runner, who is unrighteousness, has overtaken them."

Some Perspectives on the History of Academic Freedom

By WALTER P. METZGER

IT MAY SEEM REDUNDANT for a historian to confess that the detachment implied in the word "perspective" is beyond his mortal reach, that his thinking is charged with personal and social values, that, in short, he is not a man from Mars, but a teacher at Columbia, tremulously alive in the era of Joseph McCarthy. But I remind you that an academician writing about academic freedom works in a room of mirrors, with all his fears and aspirations, all his hostilities to the world without and insecurity in the world within, reflected on the surfaces of his viewing. This is clearly a disqualification for the Olympian utterance, but if by "perspective" we mean only some very personal judgments based on a long backward look, then I may with propriety offer mine. I should like to address myself to three questions, questions which are so large that I can give no more than brief and incomplete answers. First is the question of approach: how important are the academic freedom *cases* in providing us with a measure of the academic freedom we enjoy? Second is a question that involves national comparisons: granting the close affinity between the colonial college in America and their English prototypes, why have we come to handle the academic freedom problem so differently from the British? Third is a question of temporal comparisons: how does our period compare with the 1917-22 period, which was the time of the first, the original but not the only "Red Scare" in America?

First, to the question of the "cases." There is, it seems to me, a strong tendency in our profession to treat the story of academic freedom as though it were the story of academic suppression. In thinking about academic freedom in this country, we have generally assumed that the basic data are the case histories, we have generally

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assumed that the peaks of repression are the milestones of eras, with the slavery controversy, the evolution controversy, the silver-labor controversy, the loyalty controversy marking off the significant epochs. As a consequence, we seem to have developed a kind of academic Avesta, with its martyrology of wronged professors, and its demonology of ruthless trustees. In speaking against this orientation, I do not argue that it does not have propagandistic and morale-building value for the profession, nor that the eruption of a whole lot of "cases" in certain periods is without symptomatic significance. The concern with personal injustice from which in part this orientation grows I would be the last to decry, and the dependence of the university on the social environment which it discloses is a fundamental fact. Yet I do suggest that this high sensitivity to the "cases" neglects some very significant other aspects, and that it sometimes harbors assumptions that are wholly unfounded.

For example, the distortions that would appear were we to write the history of the labor movement in terms of strikes, the history of science in terms of theological encroachments, or the history of political democracy in terms of aggressions against it, arise when we write the history of academic freedom in terms of its negations. That is, the picture gets weighted on the side of conflict, whereas the common situation is peace; it captures the dramatic moments, but not the far more important, if less spectacular, evolution of customs and ideals. Furthermore, it implies that academic freedom is the normal, the prevailing condition except when threatened by external forces—which is close to the idea of a by-gone economics that the normal market is free except when the state restricts it. What psychological and historical insight has done to the normalization of economic freedom, it could do to this normalization of academic freedom. Charles W. Eliot, the former president of Harvard, was one of the first to point out in his dry keen way that the desire for freedom burns precariously in the academic breast and sometimes not at all, and that when it does glow, it takes no external draft to extinguish it. Dull teaching routines, over-narrow specialization, authoritarian superiors, truckling for promotion, often have snuffed it out; poor mobility and a low level of passion have kept it from ever being kindled. Indeed, I would say that, up to a point, the outbreak of cases is an encouraging sign. Every case (or every case that achieves notoriety, which is the only kind historians get to know about),

is a sign of a certain amount of combustion; an intractible victim, a sympathetic faculty, an interested lay opinion. Without suggesting for a moment that the professors of the University of Texas have a greater urge for freedom than those at Harvard because the former are now tangled in cases, I would be ready to argue that American academicians sought freedom more avidly in the 1890's (when there were many cases) than in the 1830's (when there were very few). The dead, after all, don't catch the measles.

Still another faulty assumption underlies this orientation-to-cases. It is the assumption—rather widely shared, I think—that academic freedom is but a special case of freedom of speech, part of the promise of civil liberty to which this nation is dedicated and of which it must constantly be reminded. And what could be a stronger means of calling this to our attention than to write a series of horror stories that show the gap between what we are and what we have sworn to be? Now, if the identification of academic freedom with the civil liberties of the citizen is presented as a statement of ends-in-view, it is not to be quarreled with; and if it merely asserts that the rationale of academic freedom takes sustenance from the great advocates of free speech from John Milton to Oliver Wendell Holmes it is surely correct. But as a statement of legal or historical fact, it is open to serious question. For example, as far as their legal reinforcements are concerned, there is a great disparity between the doctrine of free speech and the doctrine of academic freedom. Freedom of speech, despite occasional altercations, is a child favored by the law. The distinctive claims of academic freedom, on the other hand, have suffered almost total legal neglect, save as the law of contract protects professors from irregular dismissal, and corporate and constitutional provisions protect trustees from legislative intrusions. In fact, the trend of court decisions has been to make the professor a hired man in his own business, without even the immunities and prerequisites of the state official, which subtly derogates from the claim that professional speech is privileged. Nor does history show exact parallels between the advance of freedom of speech and the recognition of academic freedom. In America, the separation of church and state, by destroying the monopolistic advantage of favored colonial religions, opened the educational market to even fiercer sectarian competition. The abolition of the Alien and Sedition Laws and the freer intellectual atmosphere of the Jeffersonian-Jacksonian era was paralleled

by the vast growth of denominational colleges in the East and West, with their unofficial but potent sectarian tests for employment, their denial of academic freedom by prior restraint. And not infrequently, to take the converse case, academic freedom has scored victories in which freedom of speech has not shared. The masters of the North European medieval universities won a measure of freedom over philosophical inquiry without conferring this benefit on the laity, and in the eighteenth century, those harbingers of *Lehrfreiheit*—Halle and Göttingen—were islands of intellectual freedom amid seas of petty despotism. Of course, I do not deny that there is a totalitarian spirit to which both individual and academic freedoms of expression are equally noxious. The universities of France lost their autonomy when the Crown asserted a superior and unqualified authority, and the fate of both freedoms under the modern dictatorship is well known. But this may suggest that the two freedoms are historically dependent on such third factors as the diffusion and diversification of power in the community, rather than that the one freedom inevitably grows from or is implied by the other.

What this all comes down to is that academic freedom is an extraordinarily complex thing, growing out of a social, institutional and intellectual configuration of factors. Academic freedom, in the simplest definition I know, means intellectual freedom in the college or university. But what is a college or university? It is surely not only a place where instruction is offered to young people. It is also a unit of government, a focal point of social relations, a center (in modern times, the key center) of science and research, an area where cultures meet and amalgamate, an economic unit with resources to allocate and needs to supply. Not one of these facets of its nature is unrelated to the amount of freedom it may enjoy. A rich college is better able than a poor one to reject the donor who wants to pay the professor and call his tune. The private university is usually in a better position than the state university to deny the plebiscitarian premise that truth-questions can be decided by vote. The large institution is superior to the small institution in protecting the social nonconformist from the tyranny of local mores. When we overconcentrate on cases we oversimplify the complex and diversified character of academic life in the United States. They give us, at best, a gross picture of the institutional climate, but,

as any meteorologist knows, it can very well rain over Montana and be sunny in New York.

Which is not to say that there are no peculiarly American aspects in the problem of academic freedom. Indeed there are, and one of them is that there *is* an enormous problem. Great Britain does not have the problem, or rather not in this continuous, pressing, volatile form. Despite the fact that the universities of Great Britain are largely supported by the government's University Grants Committee, no parliamentary committee, to my knowledge, has ever been set up to investigate "subversives" in the universities, nor have political reputations been made by uncovering *unBritish* activities. Professor Blackett of Manchester University has justified the Soviet position on atomic energy control, and while many question his wisdom, his loyalty is not impugned; Professor Bernal of London University has written for the London *Daily Worker*, and while some may (privately) question his loyalty, no one seems to call for his job. Why the difference between there and here—is my second question. A large part of the answer has to do with the structure of public opinion in both countries, the way it is manufactured, communicated and felt. A good deal has to do with the proprietary interest the various publics take in their universities: our religious, patriotic and economic publics have generally regarded the universities as folk institutions, made to serve their needs and respond to their wishes. Another part of the answer lies in the motley and mongrelized nature of our academic institutions. In asking "what should the university be?" every need has clamored for recognition, every craft has hoped to belong—and the result has been the unhappy association of piddling vocational and important intellectual interests, the nestling together—under one faculty—of searchers, conservers and craftsmen, the crowding together of institutes, departments, hospitals, dormitories, restaurants, apartment houses and football stadium all under the canopy of a single administration. The university in America is not a community of scholars, but an enormous agglomerate service station, where one can be born, go to kindergarten, lower school and high school, meet the girl-friend and get married; where one can get religious solace or psychiatric help; where one learns to turn out a newspaper, to do book-keeping, to cook. No wonder the universities have been hiring generals to run this domain. Lost in this skelter of services is the sense of clerisy, lost is the clear definition of

who is a member of the faculty and who is not, a circumstance so clearly reflected not so long ago when janitors and stenographers were included in an advertisement by a certain university's "faculty and staff" in behalf of a presidential candidate.

Still another factor in explaining the difference is that of academic control, and this I should like to emphasize. It is uniquely our (and the Canadian) fate to have a nonresident, usually nonacademic body of men formally intrusted with the power to control all that goes on in a university—most relevantly to hire, to fire and to promote academic personnel, and to determine educational policy. Say what you will about encroachments on faculty self-government in England and on the continent, the fact remains that the difference between ours and theirs is a difference of degree that has become a difference of fundamental kind. Lay government more than anything else expresses our national individuality—I would not call it our genius—and it lies at the very heart of the academic freedom issue as it has developed in this country.

The origin of lay government is to be found in the nascent period of American colleges, and in certain peculiarities of the colonial environment. First of all, ours was a protestant milieu. The semi-autonomous medieval universities, whose model of independence had been taken from the Church principle of ecclesiastical sovereignty, were never planted here. Protestantism, by substituting the idea of *church* government by laymen, suggested also the principle of *college* government by laymen. Secondly, the colonies that founded Harvard, Yale, and William and Mary were poor. These communities had to strain their resources to maintain them. Some sort of parental control over these ill-nourished fledglings seemed called for, and when the process of maturation had been completed, the parents would not relinquish their authority. But by all odds, the most important factor—and one which still carries a message for us today—was the absence of a considerable body of professional scholars to whom the responsibilities of self-government could be intrusted. The only office of the professional educator in America was that of the college president. The bulk of college teaching was in the hands of tutors, young men waiting to be called to a clerical career, young men who could not command deference from the lay board above and barely command obedience from the students below. Quite naturally, the early fathers

were not disposed to trust the governance of the college to striplings of very limited experience and very brief tenure. Status differences, I believe, give a clue to much in the history of academic government. I am not now referring to the status of professors with respect to other occupational groups in society: the fact seems to be that it is much higher than our ideology supposes and not high enough to gratify our expectations. But within the college, status differences clearly operate so as to diminish the possibilities of self-government. What poverty and the dearth of accredited scholars did in the early period, the high schools that call themselves colleges and the craftsmen and coaches we call professors are doing today—namely, fostering an academic population too motley and unprepossessing to countervail the status strength of laymen on our boards. Academic government in America takes its distinctive shape from the fact, as Professor Kirkland once put it, that not every school that calls itself a university is one, and not every one called a professor is a professor in very fact.

At any rate, we have lay government and are likely to keep it, and the effect of this on the whole drift of academic freedom cannot be overestimated. One effect is particularly worthy of mention, and that is the way lay control may be analogized with other kinds of institutions to the detriment of academic independence. While ministers were trustees in large numbers they tended to conceive of the colleges as pastorates and to make close surveillance their duty. Later, when the new élite of business men entered, they read into this inkblot of lay government the analogy of the business corporation. The university has had to fight for the elementary right to be what it is, a center of independent thought—not a church, not a business. I do not lay the blame for this harmful confusion on the hereditary defects of trustees. Far from it, since for every gain in faculty independence and faculty autonomy there has had to be a board of trustees somewhere to give its blessings. But there is the inescapable reality of power which miseducates us all, even the best of us, and it was neatly summed up by Robert M. Hutchins when he said that, under our system, when a trustee and a professor find themselves in conflict, it never occurs to the trustee that *he* should be the one to resign.

But lay control is not all there is to academic government, and for the sake of giving a balanced picture I should say something about the informal faculty self-government that has emerged within this frame-

work. In practice, if not by statute or charter, ours turns out to be a mixed rather than monolithic government, though the scope of delegated authority varies a good deal from institution to institution. There is the strong impression among academicians that fewer and weaker powers are being delegated now than formerly, and that we have slipped from a Golden Age of faculty self-government to a present state of subservience. We were once "cleric, now we are clerical" writes Professor Barzun, in a happy but mistaken epigram. Actually, in their conventional relations with trustees, faculties were inferior and disadvantaged all through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while a kind of nadir seems to have been reached in the early nineteenth. In this period, the trustees of colleges not only ignored any idea of tenure, they also prescribed the work of the classroom, wrote the laws of student government, subjected the private lives of teachers to scrutiny and espionage. Take the obsessional interests in minutiae exhibited by the trustees of Princeton in the early nineteenth century. "(W)hen a committee of the board came to examine the faculty's minutes," writes one historian, "it sternly reported that the pages of the minute book were not numbered, that in one place a date was wanting, that there were instances of grammatical construction which it thought incorrect. . . . Worse than all this, however, it was learned that one tutor had been away on a trip, that another had entertained friends in his room . . . all of which showed a great want of proper discipline." It is doubtful that the most intrusive and meddlesome board of trustees today would ever exhibit toward its faculty so perfect an attitude of contempt. This extreme depreciation of faculty judgment was largely due to the religious orthodoxy of that time. While the war against infidelism raged at its height, professors, dependent upon student fees yet also the inquisitors of their morals, took on the uncertain authority and something of the status of nursemaids. Moreover, while the screen of orthodoxy was woven tightly, it served to keep the celebrity, the independent and the top-notch man from the presidency. In the dialogues of power that go on between laymen and professionals, the president's can be the decisive voice. When it is loud and strident on behalf of his faculty, it will "cleave the general ear"; too often, alas, it is hoarse and whispery: in this period, it was, in many institutions, almost inaudible.

What improved the situation in the American college, was not any widespread adherence to some overarching ideal of professorial autonomy. Professional self-consciousness and self-assertion are of comparatively recent origin—a not unimportant fact in the sociology of our profession. Actually, the factor that seems to have been crucial in giving the faculties discretionary power over the classroom was the prosaic but relentless problem of student undiscipline. Direct government by trustees turned out to be a poor instrument for keeping the peace. Despite the incredibly detailed laws by which students were governed in the ante-bellum colleges, every breakable law seemed to call forth a volatile student to break it. A semester unmarred by expulsions was memorable in the college annals; a chapel that escaped vandalism enjoyed a most unnatural quiet. The chief instrument of student aggression—the firecracker—was part of standard student equipment: the ivied halls literally shook to the reverberations of explosions. Needless to say, the safety valve of college sports had not yet been invented; the effective cajoleries of the kindly dean had not yet appeared: the still-predominant idea was that age best imparted its wisdom when youth surrendered its style, and youth would not easily surrender.

Adult authority would always reassert itself in the end, but peace was easier to restore than the faculty's equanimity. These multitudinous acts of exuberance and irritation—always defined as acts of irreverence or defiance—invariably brought down on the teachers' heads a plague of trustees, disrupting the normal course of pacification. Should the trustees, like those at Hamilton College, recognize student petitions of grievance, then students played the superior authority against the local tyrant with a skill that made discipline impossible. Or should the trustees, like those at Transylvania and Brown, be divided on sectarian lines, student insubordination might actually be encouraged by one faction of trustees in order to discredit the other. More common, though hardly less disserviceable, were the trustees who assiduously offered advice although they were out of touch with the scene of action. Thus the trustees of Princeton, descending into its riotous atmosphere in 1817, counselled the use of civil force against the students to maintain order, a course that outraged parents, violated academic traditions, and damaged Princeton's reputation for decades. It was the dual hazard of student disobedience and trustee unrestraint that led to a faculty show of strength and demand for a measure of autonomy. Gradually

much was achieved. Each college board, tied to its own traditions and past mistakes, rung its own changes on this theme, but it is a safe generalization to say that by the outbreak of the Civil War, trustees in most places had abdicated their right to revise, unaided, the course of study; to control student admissions; to review cases of student violations; to undertake systematic visitations of the classroom; to conduct the final oral examination—their last affectation of scholarship. At certain places, Yale particularly, decentralization went so far as to allow professors to nominate new appointees and to take the initiative in educational policy. A faculty imperium within a trustee imperio was in the making, decades before the university came of age. This trend has generally since been strengthened, though much, very much still remains to be done before the curse can be taken off the fact that only professors, among professionals, are ruled by outsiders who have none of their training and few of their special aptitudes.

Before I leave this theme of academic government, I should mention one development which we and the British have experienced in common. This is the bureaucratization of academic life, particularly those aspects which have to do with personnel practices. Using this term as Weber used it, and not invidiously, it denotes the development of written rules governing promotions, salaries, salary increments, and dismissals—the depersonalization of authority with respect to the academic job. This movement gained strength in the waning decades of the nineteenth century, as a response to the fact that the university had grown to mammoth proportions, and that the graduate-school-trained, highly specialized scientific worker appeared in the academic market. On the one hand, the guarantees that had been furnished by verbal contract and personal acquaintance broke down before the enormous increase in the size of the "force"; on the other hand, the presence of academic men trained specifically only for the job that the university offered made the consequences of dismissal more horrendous. This and the unpredictable and chaotic nature of the appointment process created a demand for security in the job—less trust in the spontaneity of relations, more faith in the definiteness of rules. The struggle for bureaucratization is still unfinished. On balance, it represents, it seems to me, both loss and gain for the cause of academic freedom. On the positive side, one would point to the greater occupational security of the profession as a whole, which supplies the margin

of confidence without which men fear to be bold. On the negative side, there has been a tendency to overemphasize the "firing" aspect of academic freedom, and to neglect the "hiring" aspect; to make academic freedom coterminous with the guild prerogative of tenure, rather than with the social necessity of assembling independent men whatever their range of dissent. It has also, I feel, overemphasized the importance of the rules and underplayed the spirit of forbearance and tolerance without which the rules can be made a mockery. The rules, as many have found, are not the thing wherein we catch the conscience of the president.

I turn now to the third question: how does the present time of troubles compare with the war and postwar crisis of three decades ago? I must confess to a slight disadvantage in making this comparison. Whereas the present crisis (which we may date from 1945) broke in on my maturity, the first (starting in 1917) began before I entered this vale of tears. Nevertheless, on the premise that one need not have ulcers to be a dietician or serve a term in jail to be a penologist, I suppose I have license to compare something I have experienced with something I have not. Superficially, the two periods look alike. In both cases, disloyalty in a time of national danger was the preoccupying problem; in both cases it was a conspiracy of the left that was presumed to be disloyal; in both cases it was the heresy of the left, as well as the conspiracy that suffered; in both cases, loyalty tended to be equated with a lifeless conformity. In both cases, as suspicion began to fray the social fabric, certain pathological types were able to rise to prominence, among which were the *informer*, whose repeated purgations of guilt have the public's sanction; the *defamer*, whose aggressions can take socially-acceptable forms; the *investigator*, who is allowed to peep with impunity. Finally, in both cases, the public, called upon to judge difficult problems of guilt or innocence took refuge in the passive and naive assumption that where there is smoke there must be fire, when of course it is the function of intelligence to know that where there is smoke there may be fire, but there may also be a smokescreen. These are some of the constants, some of the similarities in tone. But the differences seem to me to be more important. Academic freedom, as differentiated from other freedoms, faces a more palpable threat in this period, I believe. For one thing, there was the widespread intellectual infatuation with Communism in the '30's, something much

wider, much more compromising, than, say, the involvement of American intellectuals with wobblyism or socialism or anarchism in the 1900's. There are skeletons in professorial closets today—not many, to be sure, for the social insulation of academicians is proverbial all over the world—but enough to give the bone-rattlers some return for their labors. Then for another thing, a greater threat derives today from the nature of Communist operations. When Cattell was fired from Columbia in 1917, there was no question as to what he had done—he had petitioned Congress not to send our troops abroad—everyone knew where he stood, and the issue for the faculty and for liberal opinion generally was whether this behavior merited that punishment. But the secretive character of Communist operations—in part the result of their repression, in part the result of their masked language and infiltration tactics—requires an apparatus of investigation, not to discover the propriety of a professor's act, but whether the act was ever done. The act is nothing so overt as indiscrete speech, nothing so obvious as open indoctrination—but a pattern of association from which subversive intentions are inferred. This makes or threatens to make investigation—by trustees, by state legislative committees, by filiopietistic groups—a built-in characteristic of academic life, a necessary organ of administration, interminable because it is nonspecific, incalculable because it is not directly related to professional behavior. And, of course, most important is the fact that peace did not come after the second World War to give the tension of superpatriotism a chance to relax, to permit the usual libertarian reaction. Today, the liberal is torn by the dilemma of giving aid to the nation's mortal enemies and not performing his traditional duty, and let us not berate him if he responds to this dilemma with fruitless *a priori* logic-chopping, with an aimless verbal frustration, or with a total failure of nerve. But if these are the ways in which the present crisis is worse than the previous one, I can think of several ways in which it is decidedly better. One is the improvement in the institutional defense of academic freedom. The AAUP, organized in 1917, was a young organization suffering from war-shock along with other progressive causes; the AAUP today is an organization of 42,000, a real power in the academic world. The wide institution of tenure, the technique developed for investigating cases, the judicious and on the whole effective use of the university blacklist—these are part of its achievement. Today only the Buckleys and their ilk on the frenzied

extreme of our community refuse at least to give their fealty to the ideal of academic freedom. And one more encouraging sign. I find much less vigilantism in the country today. One of the key characteristics of the First World War was the private vengeance, the mob violence, the organized terrorism—at large. Perhaps you will say that we have learned to make murder judicial, or we have learned to do by indirection that which we used to accomplish by naked and less sophisticated means. I, for one, would not entirely agree. Between Judge Learned Hand and the Grand Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan lie centuries of social evolution. We have learned to temper anger with justice and this has been an enormous achievement.

No one can follow the history of academic freedom without being restored to wonder at the fact that any society, interested in solidarity and self-preservation, should subsidize free criticism and inquiry; without feeling that the academic freedom we still have is one of the remarkable achievements of social man, one of his transcendent glories. At the same time, one cannot but be appalled at the slender thread by which it hangs, at the wide discrepancies that exist among institutions, sections and disciplines with respect to its honor and preservation; with the cowardice and self-deception that frail men use who want to be safe and to be free. With such conflicting feelings, perhaps temperament alone tips the balance toward confidence or despair. So perhaps when I say that I find the acts of our society—on the whole—creditable, the gains enormous, the future hazardous but not black, all that I may be saying is that my disposition is sanguine. Take it then as autobiography rather than history—I have a feeling we shall still possess tomorrow.

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Thoreau

By JOSEPH H. FRIEND

He trusted himself, had a flair for the gnomic,
Farmed his soul and disciplined the stomach,
Consorted with pond and beast and tree,
Laughed at his fellows' lunacy,
Wore with a difference their laissez-faire,
Provided himself with a purer air,
Trailed a lost hound, a horse, a dove,
Managed without a woman's love;
At home with Homer, axe, and saw,
Rapt in Brahma's Higher Law,
Shunned intoxicant and narcotic,
Subversion carnivorous or erotic,
Preferred cold baths, ascetic diet,
Kept the commandments of an inner fiat,
Pledged no allegiance to a slave-ridden State,
Would not buy life at the market rate:
Truth was his only lover's passion,
Human freedom his Paris fashion.

What could be his reciprocal relation
With a Sunday-churchgoing get-rich nation?
They admired backbone and Harvard learning,
Afforded time from trading and earning

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To hear the young friend of Emerson
Equating a morning star with the sun;
Found him an odd, disconcerting neighbor
With speech that could flash and cut like a saber
Or weave like the mockingbird's musical shuttle
Or twang out a parable wry and subtle;
Derision, love, exhortation, guile
Danced together in the light of his style
With doctrine dangerous, strange, uncouth
To Law and Order and Established Truth—
Poking fun at a hard-working folk,
Treating their way of life as a joke,
Disrespectful of sober wealth,
Raising questions of psychic health.

What seduces as language can?
His countrymen had to forgive the man:
No need to fancy his views or his nose—
Suck on the sugarplum of that prose!
They made place for him on the library shelf
And returned to the lucid business of pelf,
Admiring still that Lyceum tongue
But rather relieved when he died, still young.

Milton's Testament

By DAVID SPITZ

THOSE WHO BELIEVE that the truth will make men free do not universally agree that men should be free to seek the truth. For the search for truth involves the discovery of error, and error when disclosed has sinful charms. Truth when known and enforced, on the other hand, ensures right conduct and precludes the possibility of evil deeds. Thus "true" freedom, in the minds of many men, implies not freedom of thought but freedom of *certain* thoughts. It is the freedom to entertain "right" ideas rather than the freedom to assert or to examine loathsome and erroneous ideas.

Freedom so conceived is the principle embraced by the dominant authoritarian movements of our time. Recently, and within the span of a single week, both the Roman Catholic Church and the Chinese branch of the Communist Party were revealed to have "curbed" once again the teaching or dissemination of "false" ideas. On May 25, 1952 it was reported from Hong Kong that three prominent Chinese educators, each of whom had accepted and at an earlier stage had praised Mao Tse-tung's New Democracy, were now deemed ideologically incorrect and hence unfit to continue in their university positions. In accordance with Communist policy as previously enunciated and practiced in the Soviet Union and other countries, and in line with the proclaimed mission of Chinese teachers as defined by the Shanghai Ta Kung Pao on March 31 of the same year, which is to help youth "establish correct thought," the educators were purged.

On the basis of a like principle, the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office, by a decree dated May 20 and published May 26, 1952, placed on the Catholic index of forbidden books all the works of Alberto Moravia, the Italian novelist. The Sacred Congregation deplored "the enormous damage that is done to souls both by the un-

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bridled license to publish and divulge books, pamphlets and magazines that deliberately narrate, describe or teach lascivious or obscene things and by the wicked desire to read all this indiscriminately." They also considered it their duty to admonish:

> All faithful that they should remember their very grave obligation to abstain completely from the reading and circulating of such books and periodicals.
>
> All those who are engaged in the education of youth that, conscious of their very grave duty, they should keep young people entirely away from such writings as from a subtle poison.
>
> Lastly, all civil authorities who are responsible for public morality, that they should not tolerate the printing and circulation of such books which subvert the very principles of natural honesty.

In this way, Catholics and Communists believe, men shall be stayed from error and directed to truth.

This principle is not, of course, the exclusive possession of the two groups mentioned above. It is common to all fanaticisms, to all orthodoxies. It is the basis of all varieties of fascist thought. It is the principle that underlies the current, if still largely informal, censorship of ideas that now threatens America—a censorship which certain individuals and groups, having themselves or through their ancestors found truth, now seek to have formally and permanently secured.

But apart from the difficulties of defining truth and compelling unbelievers to act in accordance with its precepts, there remains a contrary view of freedom. This is the principle that freedom can only be true to itself, not to a value outside of it. We can, under certain circumstances, force men to do good. We can even, perhaps, force them to do evil. But we cannot, without distorting the very meaning of our terms, force men to be free. On the contrary, by such efforts we restrain and coerce them in a cause other than freedom's own. For freedom strictly defined is still but the absence of chains. It is not the quality of being "true" or "false" but simply the quality of being free.

This truth was perceived and eloquently affirmed by the poet John Milton some three centuries ago. Faced in his day with a threat of conformity not unlike that which attends us today, he set forth in the *Areopagitica* a testament for intellectual freedom that is more than relevant to the problem of liberty in our own time. Normally, it is true, one does not look to a dour Puritan for a philosophy and defense

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of freedom; and Milton can be quoted in detail against anyone who seeks to make an exception in his case. He called, for example, for the suppression of "popery and open superstition" and "that also which is impious or evil absolutely, either against faith or manners." He argued that government does not exist to secure liberty but to assure "that good men enjoy the freedom which they merit, and the bad the curb which they need." He admitted, even in the *Areopagitica*, that a church or commonwealth ought "to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors." And he exempted "blasphemous and atheistical, or libellous" books from his plea for unrestrained freedom of publication.

Nevertheless, Milton's argument for the freedom of unlicensed printing—a freedom opposed by Communists, Catholics, and all who distrust man's capacity to be guided by his own reason—remains a noble and enduring statement of the free spirit. It assures him a permanent place in the history of liberal thought.

II

The occasion and purpose of the *Areopagitica* can be briefly stated. In 1643 Cromwell's Parliament renewed an old order forbidding unlicensed printing. This was not a period of religious toleration, and the fact that this order had originally been issued by royal decree and had been exercised through the odious Court of Star Chamber did not prevent its enactment. Milton's marital difficulties led him to publish, without license, several pamphlets on divorce. One of these was attacked before Parliament as "a wicked book," and Milton was named in another action as a violator of the licensing law. The *Areopagitica*, in the form of a speech to the Parliament of England, was his reply.

In it Milton was concerned to demonstrate four things. He sought, first, to prove that the Puritan attempt to control the publishing of books derived in its essentials from the Catholic Inquisition, with its resulting "catalogues and expurging indexes that rake through the entrails of many an old good author with a violation worse than any could be offered to his tomb" and that lead in turn to the controls of the Imprimatur. He attempted, secondly, to demonstrate that while the reading of books is dangerous, the suppression or censorship of books is catastrophic, more devastating in a way than the taking of

a human life. For he "who kills a man," wrote Milton, "kills a reasonable creature . . .; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, . . . slays an immortality rather than a life." He argued, thirdly, that an edict of censorship will not succeed in suppressing scandalous, seditious, and libellous thoughts. He concluded that the primary effect of such an order will be the discouragement of all learning, indeed the suppression of truth itself.

The argument is familiar but merits recapitulation: both to release it from Milton's stiff and involved style—though, as Macaulay said, there is "gorgeous embroidery" in it—and infrequent errors, and to commend it anew to a nation so overcome by hysteria that while it continues to praise Milton it ignores the meaning of his contribution.

III

Concerning the first of Milton's arguments, little need be said. The origin of a censorship or of any other policy has nothing to do with its validity. It may make for effective polemics, but it does not address itself directly to the merits of the case. Moreover, Milton's allegation that licensing will lead to the controls of the Imprimatur overlooks his own admission that books which ill demean themselves ought to be confined.

Now if books are to be imprisoned, there must be judges and acceptable grounds for imprisonment, in which case the principle of a free press is abandoned and the only meaningful questions concern the selection and control of the judges, and the determination of the rules according to which the judges shall be presumed to adjudicate. The mere threat of censure is no less an infringement of a free press than the act of censure itself. Men who know that failure to conform will result in punishment are unlikely to invite it. If they do, the suppression of their books removes what they have to say from the marketplace of ideas.

It is one thing to recognize that books are dangerous—that they have a life and activity of their own, that their potency might even be such as to drive men to arms. It is quite another to conclude from this that vigilance over them may require their banishment. Milton's references to, and defense of, "good books" at this stage of his argument is an evasion of the issue that yields a point to the case for censorship.

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We arrive at the real meaning of his message, however, in his defense of freedom of publication. He is scornful of the argument that evil books will corrupt innocent minds, holding, with the Apostle, that "to the pure all things are pure." Knowledge, Milton asserts, whether of good or of evil, cannot defile, unless the will and conscience are already defiled. Among books, some are of good and some of evil substance; but the choice must remain a matter of individual discretion. For while "best books to a naughty mind are not unappliable to occasions of evil," bad books "to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate."

How, for that matter, asks Milton, are men to know good and truth and virtue unless they know also what is evil and false? Good and evil emerge and grow up together almost inseparably, as polar opposites. They are as twins cleaving together, the knowledge of one so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of the other as to make it an incessant labor to distinguish them. Without such labor, there is neither wisdom nor virtue in forbearing vice. "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue," remarks Milton,

> . . . that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. . . . That which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness.

Since, therefore, to know truth men must know error, and to be virtuous men must know vice, Milton concludes that of all ways to scout into the regions of sin and falsity the least dangerous is the reading of books and exposure to all manner of reason.

To the common objection that this course entails certain harm, notably the spread of infectious ideas, Milton replies that the alternative is to remove all human learning and controversy, even and particularly the Bible, which often relates carnal and blasphemous things. Moreover, it is not the book but the interpreter that corrupts; and

> if it be true that a wise man like a good refiner can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or

without book, there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly.

IV

Censorship, if effective, would thus destroy the virtue of reading even evil or dangerous books. But censorship, whether exercised through this or any other licensing order, cannot achieve the end for which the licensing order is framed. There are, Milton contends, two reasons for this. One is the difficulty of administering such laws fairly and intelligently; this Milton examines both as to complexity of detail and the quality of the licensers. The other, and more important, difficulty is that heresy is spread by other means.

Concerning the first of these factors, Milton is content to show that, if the licensing order is really to work, it must immediately catalogue and proscribe all scandalous and unlicensed books already published, and prohibit the importation of foreign books until they have been examined and approved. It must also expurgate those books which are partly useful and excellent, and partly pernicious. These arduous tasks require licensers of unusual quality—and many of them to boot.

But by the very nature of the task, Milton argues, licensers are likely to be "illiterate and illiberal individuals" who will refuse their sanction to any work which contains "views or sentiments" at all above the level of "the vulgar superstition." Men of worth would refuse such an assignment as tedious and unpleasant, and as an immense forfeiture of time and of their own studies. To assume that "ignorant, imperious, and . . . basely pecuniary" licensers would be graced with infallibility and uncorruptibleness, is to close one's eyes to reality.

Even if these difficulties were overcome, the licensing order would still be fruitless. Condemned books always manage surreptitiously to reappear and to circulate, often to an audience enlarged and attracted by the very act of condemnation. Moreover, it is simply not true that the suppression of books ensures the suppression of heresy. The Christian faith began and flourished as a schismatic sect before any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing. To close the gates against corruption requires that *all* the gates be closed.

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> No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric. There must be licensing dancers, that no gesture, motion, or deportment be taught our youth, but what by their allowance shall be thought honest. . . . It will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes, the violins, and the guitars in every house; they must not be suffered to prattle as they do, but must be licensed what they may say. And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers? The windows also, and the balconies, must be thought on; there are shrewd books, with dangerous frontispieces, set to sale: who shall prohibit them, shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors, to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebec reads, even to the balladry and the gamut of every municipal fiddler. . . .
>
> Next, what more national corruption . . . than household gluttony? Who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting? And what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harbored? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters, to see them cut into a less-wanton garb. Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth, male and female together, as is the fashion of this country? Who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed, what presumed, and no further? Lastly, who shall forbid and separate all idle resort, all evil company? These things will be, and must be; but how they shall be least hurtful, how least enticing, herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state.

Such wisdom, Milton is convinced, would eschew a mass of wearying and ridiculous licensing. It would acknowledge boldly that God, in giving men reason, gave him freedom to choose.

> Wherefore did he create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue? They are not skilful considerers of human things, who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin. . . . Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left: ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste that came not thither so.

For goodness is personal and must be derived from right choices. To choose rightly, one must be free to choose—between good and evil, virtue and vice, truth and falsehood. To delegate such choice to others —whether state, church, or licensers—is to abandon goodness itself. It is to forsake individual reason and individual decision that alone constitute what we mean by man.

Goodness or morality, in fine, is not a matter to be legislated. Laws which eliminate or restrict freedom of choice prevent rather than promote virtue and thus defeat the very purpose they ostensibly seek to secure.

V

It is to the undesirability rather than the ineffectiveness of licensing that Milton addresses the bulk and core of his argument. He believes not only that licensing can do no good, but that it causes manifest harm. It is "the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men." It hinders the discovery of new truth and makes existing truth heretical. It enslaves not only the citizens but the enslavers themselves. And in seeking political unity through uniformity rather than diversity of thought, it destroys the very hallmark of a free society.

Now it is understandable that a temperament as sensitive as Milton's should be shocked and humiliated by a law which stipulates, in effect, that "debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but unoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailer in their title." His excursus on this theme contains some of his most passionate and enduring prose, as in the celebrated passage that reads:

> When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done he takes himself to be informed in what he writes as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities, can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labor of book-writing; and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer, it cannot be but a dishonor and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

But men in power are generally prone to indulge their own sensibilities rather than the feelings of learned men. If Milton's defense of

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intellectual freedom is to persuade a Parliament, it must rest on other grounds.

These cannot be such trivia as the inconveniences and delays that are likely to attend an author anxious to correct and recorrect galley and page proofs before his manuscript is finally published, or the resort by timid and parochial ministers to stock or ready-made sermons with ideas that are unlikely to disturb the serenity of their parishioners' minds. Consequences such as these are not unique to lands where licensing orders prevail; nor are they vital to the argument.

In one other respect Milton renders his case vulnerable. His devotion to truth leads him to overestimate its powers. Thus he writes:

> . . . though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?

And again:

> . . . who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power: give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

It is to be noted that Milton does not say that truth will always prevail. He argues only that it will prevail if the encounter is "free and open," if truth is not bound. But even with this qualification, the doctrine is not altogether convincing.

In the first place, error or falsehood may rule where men are in no mood to accept a truth that injures their interests or affronts their prejudices. Thus the technique of the big lie, the vile but highly developed art of character assassination, the disproportionate publicity given to sensational or scandalous falsehood as against the later and sobering truth, and the like—all these have in our own day made it very clear that truth seldom or only after an excessive delay catches up with falsehood. By that time a man's reputation may have been destroyed, a nation may have abandoned democracy for dictatorship, a judgment of men and events may have been formed that may never be completely erased. In the second place, not all men can recognize the truth when it is paraded before them. Whether for lack of

knowledge or intelligence or ability in pleading, men on the side of truth do not always carry it to victory. Finally, a commitment to reason and the scientific method is a commitment to uncertainty; it compels us to view truth as a tentative rather than an absolute and final hypothesis. Truth is always subject to correction, and correction implies that the earlier truth was in error or was at best only a partial truth (and therefore perhaps a partial error). All that we have a right to say is that, under conditions of "free and open encounter," truth has its maximum if not its only chance to prevail.

These objections do not impair Milton's broader argument against censorship. In fact, they make his case all the more convincing; for if truth is not final, we must give range to the continuing search for real truth. Thus Milton's argument for freedom of the press remains eminently sound. It is difficult to see how learning can flourish in the absence of provocative ideas; and since licensers are likely to be men of no special merit or attainment, they will expunge such ideas from even the more famous books of deceased authors. New generations of students and writers, unacquainted with and unstimulated by those thoughts, can thus build not on the best of what has gone before but on that portion of past thinking which is staid, proper, and convenient to the minds of the licensers. Indeed, they will themselves restrict their own writings to things that flatter and do not rise above those narrow and traditional bounds, lest they sever the ever-present Damocletian sword. Out of such ignorance and fear will emerge nothing less than a new "tyranny over learning."

Truth, Milton believes, if it comes at all, comes from exercise, not from conformity to tradition. A man who believes only because he is told to believe and knows no other reason for doing so, is essentially "a heretic in the truth"; even "though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy." Consider, says Milton, the man who finds religion so great a burden of mysteries that, though he wants to be deemed religious, he refuses to tax his mind any further.

> What does he therefore but resolves to give over toiling, and to find himself out some [agent], to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs, some divine of note and estimation that must be. To him he adheres, resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all the locks and keys, into his custody; and indeed makes the very person of that man his religion; esteems his associating with him a sufficient

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> evidence and commendatory of his own piety. So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself, but . . . goes and comes near him according as that good man frequents the house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him; his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep; rises, is saluted, and after the malmsey, or some well-spiced brewage, . . . his religion walks abroad at eight and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day without his religion.

The licensing order, by delegating thought, establishes and dignifies this sort of nonsense; and by making truth heretical it renders the discovery of new truth difficult. For unless we assume that some men know the truth, and possess it whole—an impossible assumption for those who, like Milton, believe that perfect truth is known only to God—we must continue to seek it. But how are we to seek truth when the licensing order "enjoins us to know nothing but by statute"? What is generally forgotten, Milton adds, is "that if it comes to prohibiting, there is aught more likely to be prohibited than truth itself: whose first appearance to our eyes, bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unplausible than many errors."

As a result, liberty and the unity of the state are destroyed. It is not true, Milton argues, that uniformity binds and glorifies a state. On the contrary, licensers who prevent men from discovering and putting together fragments of the truth are themselves the destroyers of unity. They forget that perfection in a state, as in a building, consists in a symmetry of many varieties, that a rigid external formality is likely to produce a gross conforming stupidity, and that if all cannot—as all should not—think alike, it is more wholesome that they be tolerated than compelled to simulate conformity.

For if they are compelled, society suffers. Errors are made by even a good government, but if ideas are silenced magistrates are likely to be kept ignorant of proper remedies. Their continued misinformation, in fact, will commit them to continuing error. It is true, Milton admits, that wrong ideas might otherwise reach them, but in the absence of new and right doctrines they are already the victims of wrong ideas. The true answer to erroneous views is in any case "gentle meetings and gentle dismissions," in liberal and frequent debate. For if men want liberty, they must be prepared to live with the expression of grievances. Indeed, the very purpose of civil liberty is to assure that "complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and

speedily reformed." The suppression of complaints does not eliminate the grievances; but the enslavement of citizens enslaves the enslavers.

> Ye cannot make us now less capable, less knowing, less eagerly pursuing of the truth [Milton tells the Parliament], unless ye first make yourselves, that made us so, less the lovers, less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again, brutish, formal, and slavish, as ye found us; but you then must first become that which ye cannot be, oppressive, arbitrary, and tyrannous, as they were from whom ye have freed us.

For these reasons and others, Milton demands above all other freedoms "the liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience."

VI

Milton as a spokesman for intellectual freedom is not, perhaps, to be praised too much. His tolerance was not always in evidence, and even in the *Areopagitica* it was essentially limited to those who were agreed on the fundamentals of the social order. He failed, as generations of his critics have never tired of pointing out, to distinguish the dangers of absolute or unbounded liberty and the dangers of circumscribing it. Moreover, while Milton was not himself prosecuted for publishing without license, and the licensing order became, in effect, a near-dead letter, his appeal of reason to authority did not produce an immediate and avowed reversal of policy. Indeed, more than half a century was to pass before licensing was to disappear from English legislation; while in other parts of the world, as in the totalitarian states of our own day, and in the authoritarian attitudes of certain religious and political orthodoxies, the principle of censorship has been retained, institutionalized, and even extended. Everywhere, of course, the censors, or those who seek to establish them, are "good" men—men who "know" what is right and who seek only to cleanse others of error and sin. But as is so often the case, he who applies the disinfectant may be himself possessed of the greater poison.

To avoid the evil that such "good" men do is, perhaps, an endeavor beyond human control. But to minimize that evil, to place obstacles in its desolating (and, because it plays God, desecrating) path, men can, at the very least, reaffirm their faith in reason and in the virtues of difference. For without reason and the freedom of choice

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that reason entails, the individual cannot hope to realize his stature as man. And without diversity—in thought, in manners, in human values—a society cannot be unified, free, or flourishing.

These considerations, so ably articulated in the *Areopagitica*, are today often obscured. We have few Miltons and many would-be or actual censors, and the voices of reason are small if not yet stilled. But those who are emancipated from the worship of authority and find no intolerable discomfort in uncertainty, will recognize in those small voices, as in Milton's *Areopagitica*, a wellspring of the liberal faith.

Liberty and Communication

By FREEMAN CHAMPNEY

CIVIL LIBERTY is in some danger of becoming a cliché of the liberal intellectual. Perhaps because it represents such a basic value in democratic society, we tend to react in automatic reflexes of attack and defense to any situation which carries a civil liberties label. We tend to see any threat to freedom of thought and expression as purely evil—to be exorcised by eternal vigilance and the invoking of Voltaire, Milton, Jefferson, and Justice Holmes.

I suggest that the simple, righteous appeal to the classic case for the civil liberties is no longer adequate. It isn't adequate either as a protection of our freedoms or as a contribution to understanding. We don't have conflicts over freedom as an abstraction. We have *a* conflict over a particular set of circumstances, people, points of view, and each such situation has its own context. Civil liberties need constantly to be put in operational perspective—to relate the values and freedoms which we wish to preserve to today's realities and today's knowledge of human behavior.

It may be instructive to look at the assumptions underlying the classical position on civil liberties to see whether they need qualification or extension. This classical position, it seems to me, assumes the following things as largely self-evident:

That people make up their minds, and act, as reasonable individuals. (Both "reasonable" and "individuals" are key words.)

That in a free marketplace, truth will prevail over falsehood.

That good ideas drive out bad and the stream of communications is self-cleansing.

That the political community—like the individual—remains open to deliberate change and can learn from, and correct, its mistakes.

That the clash of opposing ideas is a healthy thing because our ultimate, common loyalty to God and country prevents any lasting damage or any ultimate social rupture.

That freedom and truth are absolute values, recognized as such and universally sought and cherished.

Merely listing these assumptions, I think, indicates the problem. We still put a high value on reasonableness and the freestanding individual. But they no longer seem obvious and abundant commodities in our time. We are too aware of the power of irrationality, cultural compulsions and mass behavior. We have seen the big lie drive the truth underground repeatedly and not only in other countries. To put it more concretely, we know that the kind of big lie which triggers widespread frustrations and hostilities can be social dynamite and indefinitely impervious to reasonable argument.

We have seen no evidence that a full-blown totalitarian state can, of itself, reverse its field and become democratic. We seem to have today a whole series of conflicts of loyalty which cross all the traditional boundary lines. The idea of loyalty to a world government (which seems the one possibility of establishing a stable society in a world of diversity—the one workable supreme political loyalty) is itself widely regarded as a dangerous and subversive doctrine.

And finally, we have learned that freedom can be a terrifying thing to large numbers of people and that the Bureau of Standards, as well as the Supreme Court, may follow the election returns.

II

Obviously, the complexities sketched above are too much for one article, or one author, to cope with. But they make up the background against which I should like to proceed to explore a few important—and often-overlooked—aspects of the give and take of ideas in a democratic society.

Civil liberties, in the context I am trying to suggest, mean much more than a set of legal rights, or a dichotomy of freedom-unfreedom. Civil liberties involve the whole social and political climate, and are intimately related to prevailing patterns of communication.

All of our communications with other people take place in a social and political framework. As citizens of a democracy we are expected to keep ourselves informed on national and international issues, and to express our opinions on issues—by writing to our congressmen and by joining in the pressure-group activity of political parties, occupa-

tional and special interest organizations. We are expected to participate with our neighbors in solving community problems and maintaining good works of great variety. The international scene makes further demands on our consciences, our time, and our bank accounts, whether it be CARE packages, foreign missions, Radio Free Europe, or United World Federalists.

If this seems like a formidable load of worriment, we should remember that all of these kinds of participation are also ways in which we satisfy the universal human need to relate constructively to other people. Our needs for acceptance and shared performance seem to be as basic as our needs for food and sleep.

We should also remember that all of this interactive milling-around takes place in an almost unlimited diversity of customs, taste-patterns, moral standards, and notions about reality. Our social participation is necessarily oriented to our judgments as to what is real, what is good, and what is necessary. Because we must interact socially and do so in this wide diversity of values, conflicts are inevitable.

I would like to throw in a side-issue here. The almost unlimited pluralism of value and belief which we have in our culture today is not the normal order of things, historically speaking. For the greater part of our history, people have lived inside much tighter boundaries of choice, enforced by custom and law, within some sort of comprehensive religious formulation. In our civilization we have set up political machinery for making and enforcing decisions in strictly limited areas. And we have specifically kept most of the area of individual judgment and religious belief beyond the coercive power of government or of any nonsovereign group. This is a great source of our democratic freedoms and is a value which most of us would defend to the last ditch. We shouldn't forget, though, that this whole pattern is something of an experiment. Conflict causes tensions, and there are limits to the load of tensions people can carry. Especially in times of external threat, people thrash around looking for simple circuits of tension relief. Such a time spells opportunity for demagogues and would-be-dictators—what Warren Beck calls "the bitter and brutal oversimplifyers."

In the long run, if it narrows down to a choice between chaos and tyranny, I think it a safe bet that we will choose tyranny. The human

race has lived with tyranny most of its life and regards it as at least predictable and never so total that there isn't some slight room for individual diversity. But no people can live indefinitely with chaos. The survival of democracy may depend more on reducing conflict to manageable levels by enlarging areas of agreement and predictability than on a last ditch defense of total freedom.

Which brings us again to communication. It is by communicating that we form and test our notions of reality and value. It is in communication that interpersonal conflict develops and it is the pattern of communication (or of noncommunication) which determines whether conflict is constructive or destructive, personally as well as socially.

Normally we think of the marketplace of ideas as operating on the level of formal propositions, logical deductions, and reasoned inferences. This is what we might call the debating-society level of communication. There are other levels. There is the level of simple exchange of information. This is the level at which we deal with a plumber, an auto mechanic, the local society editor, or the Bureau of Internal Revenue. There is the social façade level. When we exchange small talk about weather, health, crops, and baseball most of what we are doing is assuring our neighbor that we recognize that he exists and we wish him well. There is the level at which the chief things we communicate are emotional reactions, which may have any degree of relatedness to the words we use.

My point is that all these levels are involved to some extent in interpersonal relations. And they all operate in the social climate which affects civil liberties. The great bulk of destructive social and personal conflict comes, not from clear-cut and irreconcilable differences, but from foul-ups in the communication process. It is a truism that we see only what we want and expect to see, or what we have a label for. In our relations with others, we sometimes react in terms of our own biases and urgencies much more than to the actual behavior of the other. We stumble into all the booby traps that the semanticists have pointed out, by overreacting to emotion-charged symbols that are mirrors for our own psyches rather than referents to realities.

In the area of political decision, we are all expected to have opinions involving questions of fact on which few of us can have direct experience. Some of these issues are crucial. (Who started the shooting in Korea? Is Chinese communism directed from Russia? Did

we drop the atomic bomb to keep the Russians out of the Pacific War?. . . .) On most such questions, we normally have access to a considerable range of news, interpretation, and the judgments of people who *have* had direct experience. According to the classic civil liberties philosophy, this ought to be enough. (It's enough for me, of course, but doesn't seem to work for those dumbheads who persist in denying what any fool kin plainly see. They must be reds, or tools of Wall Street, and the hell with them.) The point, I think, is clear enough. One person's conclusive evidence is another person's partisan nonsense. And once we make up our minds about something, we resist any demand that we reopen the question. Such a demand seems to imply that we weren't very smart in the first place, that our knowledge of relevant facts was inadequate or mistaken, or that our biases are running away with our judgment. And anyway, life is short and we have to act on our best hunches.

If we are in agreement with the majority, we find it easy to coast along on that reassuring fact and to ask those who disagree with us to show cause why we should listen to them at all. If we are in a minority, there is an equally inviting trap waiting for us. This is the assumption that the majority is always wrong; that things are never what they seem; and that since prophets and pioneers have often been ignored or persecuted, therefore we, who are notoriously unappreciated and pushed around, must necessarily be prophets and pioneers.

I think I have said enough to indicate that the process of public decision-making in a democracy is much more complex than formal debate plus a counting of noses. Allegiance to ideas, or pressure groups, or political parties involves the whole range of personality: emotional attitudes to other people and to authority in general, the individual's acceptance by his peers and by himself, the structure of needs and predispositions which affects what an individual perceives and responds to in any contact with reality. All of these factors impinge on the intellectual level at which we may think we are operating.

There is today, I think, a widespread and recognizable pathology of the communication process, especially in the political-ideological field. When operating politically, a certain type of individual often develops a tightly-structured set of beliefs about social reality. Everything that he encounters—whether in the newspapers or in his direct experience—is automatically related to this belief pattern. He rarely

suffers from conscious doubts or conflicts, because his beliefs have given him a comprehensive set of answers. He has great staying power in dispute or in activity. Fair enough so far. But the pathology shows up in his interpersonal relations, which are typically unilateral and inflexible. There is little give-and-take in such an individual. His conversation tends to be a series of monologues. He functions poorly in a group of his *peers* but he often attracts *followers* because of his certainty and his uncomplicated energy.

This type of person arouses considerable hostility among his peers —because they resent being patronized or manipulated, and because they are frustrated at being unable to make a dent in his perceptual field. (We all tend to dislike people with whom we find difficulty in communicating.) This dislike often leads to avoidance of such a person, or, in organizations or close-knit communities where avoidance is difficult, it leads to ganging up on such a person to shut him up or isolate him. This in its turn sets up a pattern of suspicion and anticipation of rejection by the party of the first part. It confirms him in his heresies (obviously, if he weren't onto important and unpalatable truths, people wouldn't get so mad) and further limits his ability to communicate on a two-way basis. Such an individual and his environment have a self-generating set of tight spirals of destructive conflict.

What I have been describing is a pattern of behavior that we all show to some extent and at some times and probably any of us would develop full-blown if the conditions and the pressures were right for it. If it is true, as I believe it is, that effective interpersonal communication is at the heart of democratic society, the phenomenon I have been talking about *is* a major pathology of our time.

We often hear civil liberties discussed as relating to the question, "Which is the greater menace, Communism or McCarthyism?" From the point of view I have been developing, Communism and McCarthyism are essentially the same thing. Both show a blocking of communications, a polarizing of conflict on a level of hostility with very little thought content, and both, I suspect, are based on the same sort of personality factors of insecurity and rejection. The study of onetime members of the Communist Party in Ernst and Loth's book *Report on the American Communist* shows several illuminating things. It shows that personal-emotional factors were far more important in bringing people into the party than economic or intellectual ones.

(Most of the ex-members studied came from comfortable middle-class homes; most joined because of a need for acceptance and belonging.) Similarly, the biggest single factor which keeps disillusioned individuals *in* the party seems to be their fear of permanent rejection from normal society. The authors suggest a deliberate public policy of understanding and acceptance of ex-Communists as the most effective of domestic anti-Communist strategies. How far the same policy can be safely applied to McCarthyites is a fair question. My prejudices immediately tell me that this is a horse of another color but I can't honestly see any basic difference. No one can say that the Eisenhower administration hasn't been giving it a try.

Few of us are called on to deal with espionage or criminal conspiracy. We would be foolish, I think, to forget that international communism *is* a conspiracy; or that the methods of benevolent interpersonal relations may be irrelevant in international diplomacy. Or that our chances of preserving our democratic society alone in a totalitarian world would be hardly worth betting on. But it is also dubious, I think, to try to combat Communism on the personal level by tightening the circle of hostility and rejection around suspected Communists, or fellow-travelers, or wrong-headed individuals in general.

To see ordinary interpersonal relations in terms of conspiracy and counter-conspiracy is destructive both to the individuals concerned and to the general fabric of communications. In the last analysis, civil liberties are not a natural right, or a legal guarantee, but a by-product of a healthy society. It is important to uphold and extend the legal guarantees. But it is more important, I think, to maintain and rebuild the fabric of communications. It isn't easy to accept someone whose ideas seem to be giving aid and comfort to the enemy (a real enemy, let us not forget.) My point is that rejecting such a person intensifies the drives that, in all probability, are motivating him, and it damages the person who does the rejecting.

One of the historic strengths of American society has been its tradition of social dissent. Our heretics have had a rough time often enough, but there has been a dim realization by all hands that yesterday's radical proposal is often tomorrow's accepted orthodoxy and that a wide range of opinion battling for public acceptance is a healthy thing. It is at least partly a historic accident—and a tragic one—that social dissent in America has come to be equated with an external

enemy. And, I think, there is more to it than this. American dissent (social, political, moral, and aesthetic) had, in the '20's and '30's passed something very like a point of no return in relation to the prevailing culture pattern. There was a finality of alienation and mutual rejection between our dissident intellectuals and their ex-neighbors which we are paying for now. All the frustration, insecurity, and self-doubt of the traditional American character in its raw exposure to today's world tends to boil over into such phenomena as McCarthyism. We mentioned the tensions which are built up by constant conflicts in a world of multiple ideologies. Probably the good citizen ("good" in the sense of a constructive participant) learns a variety of tricks for dissipating such tensions. There is usually a residue which he learns to live with as a generalized anxiety. Some people, though, can carry only a small load of tensions without serious trouble.

Insofar as there is such a thing as a traditional American character (we all know the stereotype: gregarious, optimistic, extraverted, pragmatic), it has taken quite a pasting since 1912. Two major wars, a depression which seemed at the time to be the end of capitalism, and now a small war which we couldn't win in any forthright way and which was part of a large war that no one can quite get his teeth into. During most of this time, our hypothetical traditional American has been told by his more intellectual ex-neighbors (and often enough by his own children) that his personality is infantile, his religion preposterous, his patriotism outdated, and his civilization shallow and materialistic. It isn't strange that he now shows some lack of discrimination between Communists and liberals, or that he joins up with a crusade of plain people out to exterminate the rats even if they *do* burn down the barn.

There has been a considerable change in our intellectual climate since the free-wheeling '20's and '30's. The cultural anthropologists have suggested that social organization and social control may be human universals and not just meaningless survivals from the dark ages. Society is becoming intellectually respectable and God seems to be next on the agenda. The intellectual who couldn't go home again is nowadays curiously well-informed on suburban real estate values. But we are still living through the backwash of the '20's and '30's and we have a long way to go.

III

I would like to close by suggesting what seem to me to be a few general principles of communication in a democracy. These are ethical imperatives, if you will, which seem to me to provide the social climate within which civil liberties can operate. Communicating ideas and attitudes is most effective when done in the largest possible context. Ideas are important in themselves, certainly. But ideas are part of the whole pattern of social interaction and they mean more to us when they are related to functioning people—their backgrounds, feelings, and directions. It is something to know where a person stands. But it is a great deal more to know where he started from and how he got to where he is now. We all communicate with our friends in this total way without thinking about it. But when we get up on a platform, or address a letter to the editor, or speak up in meeting, we tend to start chopping logic and hiding behind formal verbalisms.

The second general principle of communications that I want to suggest is that we try to shape what we have to say to fit the frames of reference of the people we talk to. This is obvious enough but it is a very tricky thing to carry through. It calls for a sort of running empathy as to how we are getting across. It calls too for something that only time, imagination, and a varied life can give us—a feeling for the language and the life style of a lot of different sorts of people. One of the rules of thumb in industrial management is that giving detailed instructions is only part of a supervisor's job. He also has to check on whether the instructions register. Effective communication in general is helped by getting a sort of informal playback as we move along.

All of these principles of communication—communicating in a large and relevant context, communicating in a common language, and constantly checking the reception—apply in reverse, of course, to being on the receiving end, only they are harder to accomplish. Also important are such things as being sensitive to nonintellectual factors, trying to establish rapport on points of agreement and not letting a disagreement turn into a personal rejection. These are obvious enough, if not easy, and there is no point in dwelling on them since we seem to learn them individually, if we do, the hard way.

The point in all of this is that how we communicate determines the atmosphere in which civil liberties and the free marketplace of

ideas operate. The complexities which seem to have come upon us since Milton's time and Jefferson's time are not all negative if we try to understand them and work with them. Most of what I have said about communication applies to face-to-face situations and it is a fair question how far it gets us in this day of segmented personal relationships and mass, impersonal communication. I haven't any easy answer to this except that the pattern of interpersonal communication that people build up is, in the long run, the thing that our hucksters and our mass-manipulators have to reckon with and it can shape their methods for the better as well as the reverse. A large part of the great appeal of Adlai Stevenson's campaign speeches, I think, came from their being mass communications of a relevant human kind, in a large context. We have hardly scratched the surface in the creative possibilities of this sort of thing.

We can more effectively resist Communism-McCarthyism if we try to understand how it arises and what it means to its individual practitioners. Also, we need to distinguish between rejecting ideas and rejecting people. To set up a demonology of our own devising—whether we label the demons reds or reactionaries, warmongers or screwballs—is, I think, to come down with a bad case of the same virus we started out to exterminate. Civil liberties are a function of a constantly-changing social and political context. The present world situation puts this context under powerful stresses and accentuates destructive conflict. Aiming towards a pattern of flexible interpersonal communication is our best antidote to this conflict and these stresses in our own country. Hopefully we will some day have a world structure in which this kind of communication need not stop at national frontiers.

Ocean and Desert

By Martha Millet

1.

The heavy tongues lap out against the shore,
White out of darkness, coiling, strength on strength.
Puckering brows of the sea-driven beasts, running riderless,
Hammer the night shore. Sands slip in jeopardy.
The brown beach, lost from the moon, suffers the tide's brute suck,
Caravan tracks of the sea, ventured beyond culminations, roister and roar
Up the shore's loins. Mad lips to give love; hard lips, turning ever away.
Out of the clash wake tremblings in lovers who watch crash
Sea hooves upon their sands. A net of steely salt
Pinions the springing streams of two, alone,
And the high-mounting measures clench their phantom hands.

2.

Old rock of the desert, wrinkled from dawn of earth,
Old watcher, risen from the withered womb
Age-long delivered of an inland sea
(Vanished in droplets, sun-sought, dazzled, blind,
As go all worshippers, with parted lips).
Now the earth-mother bears this gargoyle weight
Of mountain men will gaze upon and fear.
But there, but here, push penitential claws,
Spine-studded arms of thick-thewed twist and gnarl,

A native New Yorker, Martha Millet was formerly a labor journalist. Her poetry has appeared in a number of poetry journals and in anthologies.

Upraised to suns sightless, past beseeching.
The sky stares red
As frost on beggars' cheeks, lips, rotten blue—
Glory of brown waste, waste men glory at
And turn away.
Great prides to dust. Vast dust is all the pride
Rasped in these sands, convulsed in wavy heaps,
The wind's whip makes a counterfeit of motion.

Do green-grown images seize the sightless rays?
Or are the dumb days crazed, as when that sea
In impulse flung its life, in pearls, aloft?

Patterns of patient sands . . . Does signal throb
From earth-hid source that the life-germ
Renews? Do waters crouch, compressed
To force last rock-ledge, crashing then
To cradle in the great, dun mother-lap?
And would the sun in dreamless glitter scoop
The infant sea? And yet could earth hold back
Her gift of progeny?

The strands of mist hang dense, a sky-strung web
Of foundling tears, some sorrow's, some of joy's
Forgetting, in the orb of arrogance.

The sentinel settles on the haunch of age
Unknowing, showing ruined, sand-scaled eyes

Vacant above the ruined ocean bed.
A twilight wind strews dust upon the prints
Of two who go, burned dry as one dead coal.
They sought a stillness in the solitude,
And flee the funeral fire their love has reared.

3.

As the sand to sweet bodies of lovers, all-wordless, all-yielding,
That lie all night in the robe of spray at the breakers' brink;
As the thoughts of two embracing in plucked hours,
Past questioning, past wonder when the stars go cowled;
As currents burst astonished in one course,
Knowing no parting of the outraged selves;
As the twinned pulses thunder on the sands,
A lone ship furrows a dark way in walks of foam,
Knowing itself, its purpose, all-contained,
Through hungry seas that raven on the shore.
It, speck of light, now moon-mirror, now bird,
Shuffled by monster-play in monster-world,
Goes, sweeping waves apart, thrusting from shores,
To grand arrivals moving, masts ablaze.

Communism and the Abuse of Free Speech

By HEINZ EULAU

ARE THERE democratic methods by which democratic institutions can protect themselves against those who invoke democratic principles only in order to abuse them?

The question is a radical one. And the word "radical" is used here advisedly. It is a word not particularly fashionable nowadays. For radicalism as a way of life or thought is not especially fashionable. But there are other reasons as well. The word "radical" has been bestowed on people who hardly deserve being called radical; and, paradoxically, it has been usurped by these very people in a well-calculated effort to disguise their true convictions.

These people are, of course, the Communists, and not so much the Communists as their fellow-travelers and all those who do not mind sharing the Moscow party line. It is a cardinal mistake to designate Communist ideology or strategy as "radical." And worse is the fact that the Communists and their dupes masquerade in the cloak of radicalism.

For nothing contributes more to the contemporary intellectual confusion about the character of latter-day Communism. That the Communists are not of the Left, as David Spitz suggested in the pages of this *Review* some years ago, is an insight still not sufficiently and widely enough understood. And responsible for the confusion are the Communists themselves—quite as responsible as many anti-Communists.

It is the very confusion about the true nature of Communism that makes for the many evils which accompany the contemporary attack on Communism—evils usually referred to as McCarthyism, witch-hunting, super-patriotism, or disregard of civil liberties. In other words, the contemporary crisis in civil liberties springs from the contemporary confusion about Communism. And the main beneficiaries of this

crisis in civil liberties, paradoxically, are the Communists. For the disregard of their liberties makes the Communists martyrs in defense of civil liberties—something which they are blatantly not, and something which they cynically exploit as a potent weapon in their strategy of confusion and deceit.

It is easy to anticipate the reaction to the question raised on the part of Communists and those who wittingly or not follow the Communist party line. They will pretend to be shocked by the question. They will consider it sacrilegious—evidence of reactionary, if not fascist, thinking. One can only wish they were really shocked. For radicalism may be their trade-mark; but the wares they peddle are anything but radical. For the true belief of today's Communists is not a genuine radicalism, but the officially-sponsored orthodoxy of the Soviet system of thought-control. And this orthodoxy does not encourage the raising of fresh questions, especially if such questions threaten to undermine the very foundations of Communist orthodoxy.

Now, what is of concern in regard to the present state of civil liberties, and particularly that most important of liberties, freedom of speech, is not that it is used by the Communists, but rather that it is abused in its very name. This, at first, may sound paradoxical; but it is not. When Communism is advertised as "Twentieth-Century Americanism"; when Communist Party schools are named for Jefferson, or Lincoln, or Whitman; when Communists call themselves "progressives," or "democrats," or "liberals"; when Communists sell their wares under such labels they are engaged in a most fraudulent violation of the freedom of speech which, they protest, is so dear to their hearts.

Add to this the shameless exploitation of democratic values and principles which is the stock-in-trade of the Communists. "Peace," then, does not mean the kind of peace most of us have in mind, but it means making abject concessions to Soviet foreign policy. "Freedom," in Communist parlance, does not mean the absence of constraints, or the creative fulfilment of one's capabilities, but it means the establishment of puppet governments in Soviet-dominated territories. "Justice," recent experience has shown, does not mean what most judges think it means, but that Communist lawyers are above and beyond contempt of court.

Part of the Communist abuse of free speech, too, is the blabber

about "freedom-loving peoples," "forward-looking forces," "the common man," and so on. And there are the phony efforts to emulate native populism through sponsoring fake "folk" art or canned union songs which alternately drip with militancy and sentimentality.

These are only the most obvious examples of Communist ideological unctuousness—though the Communist abuse of free speech is by no means obvious to many people. Certainly, one of the Communist objectives is giving the impression that liberals, socialists and Communists are agreed on the goals of social change. (And how many people, indeed, fall for this hoax?) Actually, it represents a reversal of values, a perversion of democratic principles and symbols, the result of which George Orwell so superbly described in his novel, *1984*.

Or put negatively, what is so disturbing about Communism in America is not the danger of Communists overthrowing the government by force and violence—for that danger exists only in the minds of those who have been victimized by the shameless fulminations of the Senator from Wisconsin. Nor is it the possibility of Communist espionage and sabotage—for that very real danger is sufficiently well handled with quiet efficiency by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Nor is it Communist infiltration into labor unions, universities and government bureaus—for these institutions can take care of themselves. What is of concern is the slow and cancerous growth of a style of thought and speech which represents a cynical exploitation of the liberal dilemma—the dilemma which prevents us from making speech a function of castor oil and burned finger nails, methods of changing people's minds not unknown in countries where the Communists have come to power.

There are, of course, those who do not believe that the Communists are entitled to the protection guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. Yet it is one of the ironies of the present situation that the Communists and the McCarthyites need each other, that they complement each other. They are brothers under the skin. Without McCarthy, the Communists could not quite play the role of being defenders of civil liberties and democratic processes. Without the Communists, McCarthy would hardly find fertile ground for the application of his talents.

The implications of this secret and unholy marriage are particularly interesting, for they reveal the extent of the contemporary con-

fusion about the character of Communism. For instance, the question is sometimes asked whether McCarthy or the Communists are the greater menace to civil liberties. On the surface, this seems to be a perfectly reasonable question. And, undoubtedly, it is asked in good faith. But the question is quite likely to be the fruit of seeds which the Communists so successfully planted in the mind of many liberals some years ago—the days of the popular front of the '30's, or the days of "Big Three Unity" of the '40's. The fruit is the peculiar notion that because liberals find it necessary to defend the constitutional rights of Communists, it is also necessary to deny that the Communists are what they are.

Certainly, we must defend the right of Communists to speak freely. But this must not mean that we should ignore the lies they spread, or that we should not expose their fraudulent use of speech. The right to constitutional protection does not involve immunity from criticism and liberal opposition.

The cause of freedom of speech is not served by failure to criticize Communism just because such criticism might contribute to the Red hysteria promulgated by McCarthy and his ilk. The result can only be the type of intellectual pussy-footing implied by the question whether McCarthy or the Communists are the greater menace to civil liberties. For even if it were possible to give a quantitatively accurate answer—let's say that McCarthy is today three times as big a threat as the Communists—it is very doubtful whether such an answer would be really significant. Liberals cannot afford to surrender their right of criticizing Communism just because it might help the Senator from Wisconsin in his campaign of vilification and vituperation. In fact, nothing would play more gracefully into the hands of the Communists than if liberals were to permit the continued existence of the myth that Communism is somehow "left" of liberalism and socialism. This myth, carefully cultivated by the Communists for many years, is, of course, quite acceptable to McCarthy precisely because it permits him to attack liberals, socialists, New Dealers as "potential Communists."

Lest there be misunderstanding, let me restate the point made so far; if the Communists and their friends were sailing under true colors, there would be little reason for concern at all. If they would say that civil liberties under capitalism are a bourgeois sham; if they would say that democratic elections are a fake and a delusion; if they would

allege that only the rich man has a chance in court; if they would act like radicals by not caring for respectability; if they did all this, one might be inclined to cry "hallelujah" and welcome their contribution, no matter how erroneous or absurd, to the public market place of ideas. But the Communists and their fellow travelers are not saying these things. They have not had a fresh thought in years. Their radicalism is the orthodoxy of the Moscow party line.

American Communists allege, of course, that as "scientific Marxists" they start from the same premises as Communists anywhere, and that they must reach, consequently, the same conclusions as the Communist Party of the Soviet Union or of France. But this explanation is unadulterated hokum, as anybody following in detail the whipping about of the party line knows. One need not go back very far to get a prime example. On May 27, 1945, the *Daily Worker* published an article by the French Communist leader Jacques Duclos. It had appeared originally in the April issue of *Cahiers du Communisme*. In it Duclos—quite intelligently, as a matter of fact—denounced the "Browder line" of his American comrades. One knew then and there that the Communist war-time honeymoon with capitalism was over. But the new line was impossible to adopt without face-saving "discussion." The *Daily Worker* now featured the "CPA Discussion Pages." Day after day, week after week, big shot and small fry Communists "analyzed" the Duclos article. This discussion laid bare, as it had rarely been apparent in public before, the moral spinelessness, the intellectual stupidity and political failure of the American Communist leadership. Never had there been apparent such lack of personal dignity on the part of men who aspire to lead others. "It is a fact," Eugene Dennis confessed, "that I have held and fostered certain opportunistic illusions regarding the postwar role of the anti-Axis sections of monopoly capital." Robert Minor admitted that "I contributed far more to the wrong line than merely a passive acceptance of it."

Needless to say, Browder's leadership was now thoroughly discredited by his erstwhile adulators. His policy was denounced as "Social Democratic revisionism," "non-Marxian isolationism," "American exceptionalism," "liquidationism," and to top it all, one of "imperialist illusions." If the original Duclos criticism had been dignified, the abuse heaped on the former leader by his old personal comrades knew no bounds. Their own lack of intellectual integrity boomerangs

when one reads that the reason for almost the whole Communist leadership's acceptance of Browderism was not conviction, but

> the lack of political discussion and democracy in the party. . . . Browder has been conceded altogether excessive authority—to such an extent, in fact, that his word virtually became law. . . . He was in the habit of simply laying down the policy, and few ventured to dispute his arbitrary pronouncements. . . . The party leaders and members poured out upon Browder an impermissible deluge of adulation and super-praise which placed him almost beyond the realm of our criticism.

Browder, in turn, reciprocated, accusing his ex-friends of "the purest anarcho-syndicalism," "IWWism," "semi-Trotskyism," and "bohemian anarchism." And this the self-appointed vanguard of the American working class!

It follows that criticism of Communism is not necessarily an attack on nonconformity and dissent. Those who say that it is are merely assuming that the Communists are in fact nonconformists. But Communist ideology is not dissent. It is not radical. For, rather than being just another form of dissent such as pacifism or anarchism, modern Communism is the very epitome of intellectual orthodoxy. Not that orthodox beliefs should not enjoy the same protection as dissent should enjoy. But one must not confuse orthodoxy, no matter where and how manufactured, with genuine dissent and nonconformity.

Underlying the confusion of Communism and dissent is the assumption, shared by many people of good will, that open-mindedness and empty-mindedness are the same things. The result of such mistaken identity is the possibility that the problem of democratic control of fraudulent speech may fall into an intellectual vacuum in which the open mind will no longer be present.

It is very difficult to meet the Communist challenge to Western values because many good people are unwilling to distinguish between the use and the abuse of free speech. "Who are you to judge?" they will ask. But the tolerance apparent in this question is the height of moral relativism, an almost suicidal abdication of forming moral judgment. Indeed, it is precisely what the Communists want. And those who are unwilling to pass moral judgments in matters of political opinion—on whether speech is used or abused in

the course of political behavior—are the unwitting victims of the very reversal of values which is at the core of the Communist problem.

Implicit in the position that judgment concerning the use or abuse of free speech is impossible or undesirable is the assumption that the Bill of Rights was written for the purpose of benefiting the individual alone. And, on the surface, individual and state seem to be opposed to each other. Moreover, in the context of the eighteenth century the presumption in favor of the individual alone is by no means far-fetched. But closer scrutiny will reveal that this narrow construction of the Bill of Rights does not hold water.

Inspection suggests that the Bill of Rights falls clearly into two parts. First, there are rights which are enjoyed by everybody, such as the right to assemble, to worship, or to speak freely. Secondly, there are rights which are specific and which come into operation only in specific situations, such as the right to trial by jury, the right to a fair trial, or the right to assistance of counsel. These rights benefit primarily the individual who has been accused in criminal proceedings. By contrast, the first-mentioned rights—freedom of assembly or speech —benefit not only the individual but society as a whole. Without these rights the action of any community rests on most uncertain foundations. For instance, a minority will accept a decision of the majority more readily if it is free to criticize before and after the decision has been made. Free speech, then, benefits not only the individual, but it is the very core of a democratic political order. This is something which those who advocate restrictions of free speech forget. Surely, the suppression of free speech in Czarist Russia did not prevent the Bolshevik Revolution, just as the suppression of free speech in pre-Hitler Germany would not have prevented Hitler from coming to power. Mr. Justice Holmes made this point most tellingly in his dissent in the Gitlow case in 1925, when he wrote: "If, in the long run, the beliefs expressed in proletarian dictatorship are destined to be accepted by the dominant forces of the community, the only meaning of free speech is that they should be given their chance and have their way."

But the difficulty today is not with what Justice Holmes had in mind. For the Communists have long stopped talking about revolution and proletarian dictatorship. Instead, they use every symbol and principle in the semantic armory of liberal democracy. And in doing

so they talk a superindividualistic and hyper-libertarian lingo that is purposefully designed to conceal whatever real intentions they may have in mind. This is precisely the reason why the Smith Act fails to come to grips with the real problem. The act seeks to punish those who advocate the violent overthrow of the government. But the real danger of Communism in this country does not derive from advocacy of revolutionary action, which is quite remote and fictitious, but derives from concealment of real objectives through lying, misrepresentation and other abuses of speech. Whatever these real objectives are, when the Communists and their fellow travelers talk about civil liberties, civil rights for Negroes, or peace among nations, they are not really interested in these things.

What is needed, therefore, is a technique which allows people to be what they are, and which, unlike the Smith Act, makes it impossible for them to masquerade as "liberals" or "progressives" when they are really not. Communists should be allowed to organize their party and their party affiliates as long as these organizations are known for what they are. But Communists should not be allowed to prevent liberals from developing *their* organizations. For no genuinely liberal organization or movement is possible as long as Communists can infiltrate liberal groups under false colors or arrogate to themselves the name of "liberal." Similarly, the technique of the "front organization" is an abuse of free speech. In fact, these outfits are designed to attract naive liberals who are then exposed to Communist persuasion without being made aware of it. Certainly, liberalism must seek to preserve itself as an independent movement, with independent ideas, with its own stakes. It cannot operate, as the Communists would like it to operate, in the interest of a foreign power.

If the Communists were really saying what they really mean, there would be no difficulty. Our constitutional law has developed a doctrine by which democracy can defend itself against the abuse of speech without giving up free speech. This is the "clear and present danger" doctrine which gradually evolved out of Supreme Court decisions in the '20's and '30's, and which reached full maturity in the '40's. As Justice Douglas formulated it in 1947 in connection with a contempt-of-court conviction of three Texas journalists, the danger flowing from speech "must not be remote or even probable; it must immediately imperil."

By this standard, certainly, the double-talk of the Communists and their fellow travelers does not constitute an imminent and immediate danger. For what danger there is in the Communist abuse of speech is long-range, subtle, disguised and obscure, depending on conditions which it is impossible to predict. This danger cannot be handled through the application of the "clear and present danger" formula. In other words, we are facing here a situation for which the constitutional law of free speech has no answer. Or more clearly, if it has an answer, that answer can only be an unequivocal stand in favor of Communists enjoying the right of free speech, no matter how much they may abuse it.

It is quite understandable why in recent years the "clear and present danger" doctrine has come in for criticism. It certainly fails to meet the real problem. In an age of psychological warfare, with its subtle and long-range perspectives, direct and immediate action as a criterion of danger is probably not sufficient to eliminate the evils which stem from the abuse of speech as practiced by the Communists. Yet it becomes most difficult to separate words and ideas from acts. And interesting enough, and a matter worth pondering, is the fact that the confusion of words and acts was quite purposefully undertaken by the Communists themselves in the late '30's and early '40's when it was mistakenly assumed by many that the chief anti-democratic attack came from Fascists rather than from Communists. The Communists never hesitated then to denounce those whose political ideas they disliked, and they rarely thought twice about calling their political opponents warmongers or fascists or what not. That would have been bearable, if they had stopped there. But name-calling was only a preliminary step in the effort to confuse words and acts. During the war, for instance, the Communist and fellow-traveling press were loudest in demanding the forceful prosecution of native Fascists, so-called, for allegedly subversive and seditious behavior. Today the Communists are merely reaping the fruits of their own illiberal and undemocratic efforts to undermine the standards set by the "clear and present danger" doctrine.

Communist concern with civil liberties is, at most, a kind of pseudo-liberalism which favors free speech only for its friends. To denounce all those who disagree with them as reactionaries or fascists (or "social fascists" as in the case of Communist attacks on Social

Democrats) is a right which the Communists make use of almost continuously. But criticism of themselves they decry as "red-baiting." In other words, Communist concern with speech is only a concern with their own continued ability to agitate and propagandize. The Communists heartily supported the Smith Act when it was used against Nazi sympathizers and Trotskyites. It is this cynicism, this double standard involving the juggling of values, which is at the heart of the Communist danger, but for which the "clear and present danger" doctrine is simply not the answer.

Nevertheless, an answer was suggested in connection with an opinion in which Mr. Justice Brandeis elaborated the "clear and present danger" doctrine. "If there be time to expose through discussion the falsehoods and fallacies, to avert the evil by the process of education," Brandeis wrote in the Whitney case in 1927, "the remedy to be applied is more speech, not enforced silence."

The remedy is "more speech." But "more speech" does not automatically follow from an opinion of a Supreme Court Justice. A further step is needed. "More speech" must be institutionalized. In other words, the problem of getting "more speech" in order "to expose through discussion the falsehoods and fallacies, to avert the evil by the process of education," is an organizational matter. For Communist speech is not simply speech, but it is organized speech, so highly organized that within hours speech may become nonspeech, and nonspeech may become speech. We must clearly keep in mind that Communist speech is not open, spontaneous and inquisitive, but that it is controlled, prearranged speech which is itself an organizational weapon in the total strategy of Communist political behavior.

It is a mistake to assume, therefore, that the demand for "more speech" can be left to the automatic operation of the free market of ideas. Behind Communist speech stands the gigantic network of the Cominform, and behind the Cominform the highly organized power of the second-strongest nation in the world today. Just as one cannot fight armored tanks, artillery shells and atom bombs with sticks, stones or beer bottles, so one cannot meet the Communist verbal challenge with neat little essays or even learned books about the nature of Communism. Senator McCarthy knows this, just as Adolf Hitler knew it before him. But if we permit McCarthy to monopolize the field of "more speech," we are in fact selling out, and the free market

place of ideas becomes the battle ground of lies, smears and slander.

It is only if we fully understand the organizational character of Communist speech that we can effectively meet it. And the organization behind Communist speech is so big, so powerful, that it requires countervailing power of at least equal strength to fulfill Justice Brandeis' injunction that "the remedy to be applied is more speech, not enforced silence." But the only organization in this country strong and powerful enough to enforce "more speech" is the government of the United States. It alone is in a position to keep the market place of ideas open, to keep the channels of communication free, so that Communist speech can be countered with "more speech" but without suppressing Communist speech in the process.

Moreover, there is a moral obligation on the government's part to facilitate the process of countering falsehoods and fallacies with more speech. Democratic institutions depend on the ability of those who participate in democratic government to make reasonably rational decisions. By a rational decision one means a decision which contemplates alternatives and the consequences that follow from alternatives. But in order to be sound and rational, decisions must be based on a fair amount of accurate information. But accurate information is not always easy to come by. Consequently, it is most important that prior to decision-making one can evaluate information for whatever it may be worth. And one way of doing so is to know something about the character of the sources of information. This is really a well-known principle of good journalism, and, in general, every newspaperman with professional ethics allows the veracity of his report to be assessed by specifying the sources of his information. In general, too, one has little trouble in identifying most of the information that comes through the mails and daily press. One can readily identify what the National Association of Manufacturers, or the Congress of Industrial Organizations, or the League of Women Voters, or the American Jewish Congress, or the Daughters of the American Revolution, or the State Department, or even Senator McCarthy's committees and sub-committees, are saying. One has no trouble at all.

But this is not the case with information that comes from Communist sources. For Communism seeks to defraud the recipient of information. In fact, it often makes a fool of a person who, unaided, is unable to distinguish, for example, between the genuinely inde-

pendent opposition to armaments on the part of the pacifist, and the *de*pendent opposition to armaments of the Communist party-liner. For instance, two years ago, the Communists launched an enterprise called "American Peace Crusade." Upon being challenged, it was denied by its letterhead sponsors that this so-called crusade had anything to do with the Communist-sponsored Partisans-for-Peace movement and the Stockholm Peace Appeal which were then carried on throughout the world by Communist parties and their front organizations. Only the most innocent of political innocents could believe this tale. No, the "American Peace Crusade" was the American version of international Communist activity, but the effort was made to conceal deliberately the real source of the whole affair. This type of political obfuscation is the very opposite of what we conventionally consider the enjoyment of civil liberties. This was not trade in the open market, but a bootleg operation.

Should the "American Peace Crusade" have been suppressed? No, by all means no! But it should have been unmasked for what it really was. Some such effort was made by the State Department, but it was not enough. Democratic institutions in a situation like that created by the appearance of the "Peace Crusade" have a right to intervene officially in very much the same way as the Pure Food and Drug Administration helps the citizen distinguish between different grades of a product and thereby enables him to make rational choices.

This type of countervailing action is usually referred to as "disclosure." It does not seek to suppress speech, but it seeks to expose speech by disclosing its sources. It is a democratic procedure. It would be in line with Justice Brandeis' demand for "more speech." It would not interfere with the free distribution of information. It would in no way violate the principle of free speech. But it would tend to protect the integrity of public opinion in a free society. For if the source of a communication is known to be prejudiced, the content of the communication will come in for careful analysis, and whatever prejudice it may contain will be taken into account by the recipient of the information. Other sources of information can be consulted, and a more balanced picture of the situation is likely to emerge.

Congress has for a number of years now experimented with legislation designed to disclose the affiliation of those who disseminate public information. In the case of the Foreign Agents Registration

Act, registration and disclosure are impartially required of all those individuals or organizations which distribute information in behalf of a foreign principal. The Subversive Activities Control Act, on the other hand, discriminates against Communists alone. It probably violates the due process of law provision of the Fifth Amendment. But this possible misuse of disclosure should not be accepted as an argument against genuine disclosure of *all* those who fail to sail under their true colors. Here judgment is necessary, and, as has been suggested, democratic politics cannot afford to waive judgment concerning the character of speech.

A federal law requiring *all* political propagandists to disclose the origin of public information does not conflict with the constitutional right of freedom of speech. In other words, democratic institutions should by all means allow the dissemination of all information or propaganda, even if it abuses democratic values and principles, or even if it is openly hostile to the democratic form of government. But this must not imply that democratic institutions are to be powerless, that they should not counterattack by insisting, and enforcing, that the public be entitled to know the origins of speech, particularly if that speech is disguised, and if it seeks to conceal its antidemocratic intentions. Only by disclosing the source of information can anti-democratic speech be identified and effectively challenged in the market place of ideas. To keep the market free and open becomes a constitutional obligation of the government under the First Amendment. This view is a legitimate extension of the concept of freedom of speech to the peculiar conditions created in the twentieth century by the existence of totalitarian movements which conceal their true character behind the façade of democratic slogans and principles.[1]

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[1]Among those who have given attention to the problem of abuse of civil liberties by anti-democratic groups, as well as to the remedial problem of disclosure, are Morris Ernst, counsel of the American Civil Liberties Union; Harold D. Lasswell, professor of law at the Yale Law School; Max Lerner, professor of political science at Brandeis University and columnist for the *New York Post*; Karl Lowenstein, professor of political science at Amherst College; and Bruce Lannes Smith, professor of political science, Foreign Service Institute, Department of State. I am indebted to all of them for stimulation along the lines indicated in this article, and I refer the reader to their writings for detailed treatment of disclosure and other preventive techniques.

Keeping the Free Press Free: Who Watches the Watchmen?

By BERNARD A. WEISBERGER

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS as a group are professionally dedicated to pointing things out, and one of the things they point out most fondly is that the American press is the world's most independent. There is no American agency which in any way resembles George Orwell's Minitruth, that bureau which, in *1984*, rewrote history each morning to square it with Big Brother's propaganda line. There *was* something of a commotion in September, 1951, when President Truman authorized heads of some nonmilitary government bureaus to "classify" and bottle up certain information in their offices. And the military censor must be accepted, along with the draft and surtaxes, as one of the costs of national security in the 1950's though how far to let him go is a difficult question. But clearly, Congress has made no law abridging freedom of the press. The Constitution stands unshaken. The ghost of Peter Zenger lies quiet, and all is well.

So well, in fact, that perhaps the American newspaper press is in danger of becoming gouty with the very richness of its diet. Untrammeled by censorship to be sure, it may yet face the problem of remaining hardy, aggressive and serviceable under an accumulating weight of suet. There is every reason, at this point, to re-examine what the press calls its "charter of liberties." For the "person" to whom the charter was issued is not what he was. What changes has time wrought? Is arteriosclerosis around the corner?

In our gigantic, machine-run, intricately geared economy, Truth is not always getting a chance at that free and open encounter in which, supposedly, she is never put to flight. The marketplace of ideas is not closed, but the cost of renting a stall in that marketplace is

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sky-high. Assembly-line publishing techniques make it easy for an irresponsible few to spread smears, mistakes, and innuendoes in floods. The "buyers" cannot always sort, pick, and shrewdly scan. Technology, the serpent of the modern era, is as usual, at the root of it all. The passage of the First Amendment was reported mainly in the four-page gazettes of colonial printers who, with the help of one apprentice, could load their entire establishments into a wagon on a day's notice. Modern newspapers are turned out in buildings which resemble (and are) warehouses for many engines—color presses, linotype machines, facsimile receivers, teleprinters. Power on an industrial scale is needed for the endless grind of turning tree trunks and ink into morning editions, and only wealth on a mammoth scale commands that power.

The whole nineteenth century saw the situation taking shape. Even before the Civil War it was becoming clear that the newspaper business, like any other, was subject to the blessings of consolidation. Shortly before that war, some New York editors, with an eye on cost sheets, had pooled some of their reportorial services and founded the Associated Press. The next step was manifestly to pool editors and papers, scuttling surplus units here and there in the name of efficiency. Readership grew, and in the race to make it grow, "yellow journalism"—the journalism of feature and sensation—flourished on its own blatancy. The pressure of competition, however, tightened inexorably, and by the 1920's had helped to create a widespread pattern of chain ownership. The chain had economic strength. In crises it could throw a weak member to the creditors and survive. But to hold fast to solvency, it was necessary to do what business enterprises everywhere did—to fetch returns by bidding still more aggressively for the mass market. In pursuit of more and more readers, issues were sidetracked, news columns snipped, and pages fattened with "ads," with columns on household repairs and stamp collections, with comic strips and baseball box scores, with crossword puzzles and Hollywood interviews. The staple of many papers became the story in which the key ingredients were blood, money and sex, preferably in combination: "Heir Slain in Park Ave. Love Nest" wowed 'em.

Editors still spoke of truth and light, but elephantiasis had set in. It was symbolized around the time of the first World War by the rise of Frank Munsey, a man who bought and sold journals as he might have bought and sold retail hardware stores. He spent millions to

acquire, for example, the *New York Herald*, which had been founded by James Gordon Bennett in 1835 on a capital of five hundred borrowed dollars. "Small-time" journalism was no better. William Allen White bought the *Emporia Gazette* in the 1890's for a few thousand, and made himself (not altogether justly) the national symbol of the small town editor. Shortly before his death he confessed to Carl Becker, the historian, that he knew he could not do it again.

Newspaper owners, then, were businessmen—urban investors. What were the resulting complications? What happened to the shopkeepers in the marketplace of ideas, when their booths became supermarkets, managed by hired help and fed by syndicates? Where do the great newspaper enterprises of today stand in the line-up of independent journalism? What are the new problems facing the publisher of the small daily? How do the editors of minor journals of opinion carry on?

In "big-league" journalism, the intense pressure of competition has tended to squeeze out all but giants. Under the onslaughts of depression, too, daily papers by the hundreds died and were absorbed by stronger neighbors. In 1946 Morris L. Ernst published a deeply perturbed study of the process entitled *The First Freedom*. He found that of all the American towns which had daily newspapers at all, *eighty-six per cent* had only one—one printed local source of ideas and information. Of 1,998 daily papers published, eighteen had some *twenty-four per cent* of the total circulation. *The First Freedom* is now seven years old, but the latest *World Almanac* is hardly more reassuring. It shows that there are now 1,773 dailies, with a total circulation of 54,017,938. Twelve of these in only four cities—Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and Kansas City—have circulations of over half a million each, and together they account for sixteen per cent of the total circulation. In fact, some thirty-six papers in nineteen cities account for more than one-third of the whole readership figure.

This is not merely a tale of monopolistic skulduggery. In the nature of things, the newspapers in the great cities will count their readers in millions. There is no nationally organized newspaper trust, of course. Yet the brute fact remains that although readership is apparently rising, it is ever more concentrated. More people get their news and ideas from fewer sources——still another social cost of urbanization.

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Is this bad? In one way, no, for in the face of these figures, one charge against the press tends to wilt. A *cliché* of reformers has long been that advertisers exert unholy influence upon newspaper policy. No single advertiser, however, could throw a spoke in the wheel of such a juggernaut as a modern big-time paper. But the catch is this: any issue which finds the business community fairly united upon one side, will in all probability find the publishers on that side too. As foursquare millionaire investors, newspaper owners are not likely to need much urging to see the viewpoint of merchants and manufacturers. They do not need to be herded into corral by the space buyers.

The "big" press is by nature conservative. It has lined up overwhelmingly with the standpat side in the last five Presidential elections. The latest score is typical. According to an *Editor and Publisher* survey, papers with eighty per cent of the total national circulation were for Eisenhower in 1952; those with some eleven per cent of it stood up for Stevenson; the rest were "neutral." Again, one must be wary of overstating the case. Stevenson got far more than eleven per cent of the election coverage. Reporters following his movements for Republican papers played the game fairly, and a private poll, in fact, revealed that many of them supported the Democratic ticket privately. It is fair to note, too, that many newspapers run syndicated columns which directly controvert the arguments presented on the editorial page. Yet the editorial unbalance does exist. A man must rummage his memory hard for the names of well-known papers which fought ardently for price control or against Taft-Hartley; for broadened public health insurance or against the cession of tideland oil rights to the states. The propagation of unpopular ideas by major papers usually has to wait for the maverick millionaire, of the stamp of Marshall Field—and Field, after sinking millions into *PM* and the *Chicago Sun* had to sell one and merge the other. Who are the mourners for beleaguered liberalism among American journals? They are as hard to find as were upright men in the cities of the plain.

What are some other costs of bigness? One is the rough handling received by Truth when she is caught in a scrimmage among the behemoths with circulation as the goal. Facts must be given hypodermic injections to make them zestful and sparkling enough for appearance in "circulation-building" headlines—the ones which leave

a flavor of doom or crisis lingering in the breakfast coffee. A careful exposure of careless headlining was run in the *New Yorker* for December 16, 1950, over the signature of John Hersey. It told of a White House press conference during that bleak month for the UN forces in Korea. The President was asked if the atom bomb was under consideration as a means of saving the situation. He replied, injudiciously but accurately, that it *always* was "under consideration" (its use never having been renounced), and in answer to further questions added that if it should be used, the UN commander in the field would settle on the time and place. It was a statement of a general truth, but as the story rushed out over the press association tickers it appeared to be an announcement that the United States was ready to bomb whenever and wherever MacArthur might choose. Within hours the UN was seething and the Prime Minister of Great Britain was flying across the Atlantic to reason with the "trigger-happy" Americans. It was also possible for anti-administration papers, not altogether scrupulous, to condense, in their headlines, a mere Presidential indiscretion into a major Presidential blunder. In any case, cold war situations thrive on the "rifts" and "clashes" of hasty, undigested and un-interpretive leads.

In the era of the loyalty probe, the hunt for a sockeroo daily circulation total (with the scare-head as a weapon) is downright dangerous. It is difficult enough for the accused to receive a fair trial in a criminal proceeding when a case has been thoroughly discussed in the headlines, as Dorothy Bromley points out in an article in the March, 1951 issue of *Harper's*. If the problem of objectivity is touchy amid the safeguards of a courtroom, it is impossible to solve in the arena of legislative investigation, which fattens on elliptical press releases. A charge of disloyalty in six or eight words loses its speculative character and takes on a positive vigor which makes it more than a match for contradiction. College Head Was Red Agent Says Probe Witness has a life of its own in the reader's mind, beyond destruction by any doubts as to the veracity of Probe Witness. There is some protection against the Big Lie through the libel suit, but there is no protection against the Big Hint.

Lastly, as business enterprises, some papers have adopted the techniques of corporations not encumbered by any hallowed traditions of public service. For a long time the Associated Press operated as a gentleman's club, with members in a territory enjoying the right

to blackball fresh entrants into the newspaper world. This fact was given currency when Marshall Field, on founding the *Chicago Sun*, learned that a Chicago AP franchise would cost him some $330,000. Field suspected a booby trap set by the redoubtable Colonel McCormick, and presumably others lay in wait if he disarmed that one. He went to the law, and when the case reached the Supreme Court, in 1945, he won, the learned justices agreeing that the AP—whose services were almost indispensable to any top-drawer paper—possessed some of the characteristics of a monopoly. The court opined that exclusion from the association was a restraint of trade. Other existing and potential restraints did not fall within the purview of the court, but it had clearly shown that "free enterprise" in journalism was not synonymous with "free for all."

III

All this, it may be observed, is characteristic of journalism in the wicked city. Are things better in the middling-sized towns, where virtue is unextinguished by hyperthyroid growth? Not much. For one thing, the lesser publisher is, perhaps, more susceptible to "advertising pressure" than the giant. His customers are fewer and more concentrated, and better able to threaten him, if they choose, in concert. There is a lure, too, in the "policy" advertisements emitted by major business associations. They pay well, and it is hard to resist them when revenue normally comes in driblets from the corner grocer or the local mortician. During the steel strike of 1946 the American Press Association, advertising representative for some 4,000 small dailies, received a large advertisement for placement from the American Iron and Steel Institute. The Association sent the paid pro-management statement out to some 1,400 papers—an irreproachable act in itself. But with the copy went a statement urging the small town owners to keep the customers happy by editorially giving to the steelmakers' side "all the support . . . good judgment dictates." "Go to it," whooped the American Press Association, "and pave the way for more national advertising." The editors, in short, were to be the seductively wriggling come-on girls for the big butter-and-egg men from the city, with pockets full of cash. There is no evidence as to whether any of them took the suggestion, however.

As if this were not enough, the "local" editor must meet the

demand of his readers for nationally known features. He subscribes to services which provide completely printed pages full of syndicated material for insertion inside his own paper. The diversity and originality and color of journalism outside the great cities, however, die in the process. The fighting rural editor, speaking for grass roots America, becomes a museum piece to be sighed over in nostalgic movies and "institutional ads." ("He Kept Things Humming." Number Five in a Series entitled "The America That Was"—Colored Reprints Available Free.) Where he survives at all, especially in the smallest towns, he does so by operating on a restricted scale and attempting to provide his readers with something which they cannot find duplicated in the metropolitan journal, delivered to their breakfast table by fast express from as far as two hundred miles away. If he cannot, his constitutional liberty to go broke fighting the mastodons remains unchallenged.

There is one other kind of "little" paper which demands attention when civil liberties are under consideration—the eccentric or extremist journal. The problem in that case, however, is not one of re-defining (or at least taking a second look at) the traditional notion of "freedom of the press." Rather it is to see that the historical rights of the press are enforced. The *Daily Worker* might be a problem if its lively fiction reached two million people daily. As it happens, however, it speaks only to the faithful. Their numbers apparently have diminished of late, since, in 1951, the paper was forced to appeal for voluntary contributions and then to raise its price to ten cents a copy, a high tariff for the working class. If anything the courts must be on the lookout to see that the *Worker* is not made the victim of an organized newsstand boycott, which happened once in Detroit. They must be alert to see that small journals of radical religious or political opinion are not gagged by special license taxes, hamstrung by state legislatures' attempts to dodge around the First Amendment, or muzzled by phony contempt citations. The censor's blue pencil writes and moves on, and it takes considerable piety and wit to get him to restore half a line which he has cancelled. A 1947 volume, by J. Edward Gerald, *The Press and the Constitution*, is a long resumé of just such cases from 1931 to 1947.

The story is a different one, however, when an extremist newspaper is invoking the holy war against a minority group. What

"rights" should there be for a small anti-Semitic sheet circulating in a neighborhood recently occupied by Jewish families? Suppose that in a district bordering on a Negro slum a weekly paper appeared listing innumerable cases of rape, robbery and mayhem involving Negro culprits? What defense is there for a defamed minority group, unable as a group to invoke the libel laws? What clear and present danger to their lives and fortunes will justify stretching the First Amendment so as to give them protection? And how may that "stretching" be controlled so as to leave the reactionary editor full leeway to circulate those of his opinions which are merely unpopular? There is no easy way to unravel any of these questions.

IV

There is, in fact, no patent panacea for any of the questions surrounding the present-day practice of news presentation. For the censor with delusions of grandeur there are the traditional remedies—the courts and plenty of publicity, the latter to avoid the muzzler's favorite situation, that in which nobody gives a damn for the person muzzled. But what must be done to cope with the situation created by the industrialization of journalism? What do we need to do about unreasonable restraint of trade in public information?

Some six years ago, there was a wave of interest in the matter. A commission of scholars, headed by Robert M. Hutchins, provided with private grants, and operating under the awesome name of "The Commission on Freedom of the Press," brought forth a report (*A Free and Responsible Press*) calling attention to the problem. Interestingly enough, as an *Atlantic Monthly* article in July, 1947, pointed out, almost no paper discussed the report editorially. The editors gave it space in the book review sections if at all. So far as the publishers were concerned there was only one snake in Paradise, namely, governmental censorship. A. J. Liebling bound into a volume a series of his occasionally superficial but often cutting articles in the *New Yorker* on "The Wayward Press." (The title came easily: *The Wayward Pressman.*) *The Saturday Review of Literature* had a full-dress article on the Hutchins commission and its report. The American Academy of Political and Social Science gave the March, 1947 issue of its *Annals* over to the question of "Communication and Social Action." A Senate committee on small business, investigating monopol-

istic practices in newspaperdom, had already released some dour figures on concentration of ownership. From the flurry, certain suggestions emerged.

One idea was for the government to create an agency which would distribute its own publications, explaining the "logic" of various administrative policies to the people. Topical and fresh as the concept seemed in the days of Roosevelt and Truman, when the majority of the press was "agin" the government, it has its weaknesses in the perspective of 1953. Such an office would be open to criticism as a Voice of America aimed at Americans themselves. It could, with the resources of the Treasury behind it, outshout private critics, and it could just possibly be the nucleus of a propaganda ministry. Even if it made only reasonable efforts to present undistorted facts, it would have hilly going. In the American Academy of Political and Social Science *Annals* for March, 1947, South Dakota's Senator Karl Mundt took the Federal Communications Commission to task for an alleged sinister use of its licensing power to exert pressure against broadcasters expressing views "distasteful to the administration in Washington." It is easy to imagine that an official government house organ would be a lightning rod for the attacks of minority party Congressmen.

The Hutchins commission also suggested the creation of a permanent committee, in its own image, to utter periodical judgments on the honesty and fairness of the American press. This perhaps has been better received as an idea but no one has yet come forward with funds to make the prospect real.

Actually, a kind of private agency of the sort did exist in George Seldes' strident weekly, *In Fact*. *In Fact*, a four-page brochure, issued forth weekly and exposed misinformation in the public prints with scriptural vigor. Its weakness was that it ran into the same cul-de-sac as the sensation press. A week without a few flagrant prevarications uncovered was a week lost. Moreover, Seldes manifestly had political leanings of his own, and he could not hope, of course, to check the vast output of all the news services. Some kind of subsidized and massive *In Fact*, more carefully conceived, would be necessary to do the work thoroughly. Currently a new organ, *Exposé*, embodies a similar effort.

Some sort of winnowing is necessary even for the working press itself. Elmer Davis, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1952,

confessed that he himself, in preparing a nightly newscast, could not possibly check the purity of every source that he relied on. An average reader is even less able to judge whether or not the "informed source" quoted in a dispatch is a hard-working public servant or a notorious blatherskite and/or press agent. The newspapers themselves insist on the principle of "let the buyer beware" in news. It is no surprise that proposals are made for outsiders to do some labelling and grading.

The fourth estate could help somewhat by a return to vigorous self-criticism. Editors of a century past had no hesitation in characterizing their rivals as rogues, blacklegs, lepers and pariah dogs. An era of good feeling succeeded the turbulent period of journalism, and it became mandatory, when the press was discussed, to defend it wholesale, erring sisters and all. (When, for example, *Newsweek* queried ten editors in its issue of April 30, 1951, on what they regarded as the major peril to a free press, the more-or-less unanimous answer was "government interference with the news." Universal journalistic responsibility was assumed.)

Such acquired delicacy causes missed opportunities. Newspapermen themselves are the best judges, at least potentially, of how the raw material of the front page is worked into final form. Suppose that the editor of newspaper A finds, in newspaper B, a statement printed as "authoritative" and from an "informed source." The editor of newspaper A, knows, through his correspondent on the scene, that the statement comes from Mr. X, a minor official who is known to be an oaf—or a bitterly partisan party hack—or the brother-in-law or paid retainer of a registered lobbyist. Should the editor of newspaper A expose this fact, with a few appropriate comments? Or, if he finds a headline in newspaper B which violently distorts a mimeographed press release that he himself has only just read, is there a concept of journalistic "ethics" which forbids him to notify the public that it has been intellectually short-weighted?

A few scattered returns indicated faith in the idea of privately sponsored newspapers, backed by endowment. Universities and foundations, it was tentatively urged, might try their hands at circulating newspapers as some of them now operate publishing houses and radio stations. Nobody cared to estimate the size of the bill which the sponsors would have to meet annually in order to keep such papers afloat with any kind of wide readership. Organizations with special messages

to present, such as unions and political parties, might put out frankly partisan papers, with the hope that there would be enough diversity among them all to present a balanced news picture. The present plan of the Democratic National Committee to issue a monthly magazine might be a harbinger of that kind of development. But there, too, uncertainty exists as to just what the scope, and most especially, the cost of such an enterprise would be. There might be some help from Washington, in a judicious use of tax exemption machinery and a juggling of postal rates. But this brings up once more, for many conscientious would-be reformers the inadmissible condition of government intervention.

But "government intervention" is a catch-all term, embracing any number of possible activities. Not all of them sound as frightening as an official propaganda bureau, or a boost in the number of censors policing the outflow of information from federal and state offices. The government might, without raising the bogey of censorship, look to a tightening of the traditional libel laws which would allow the victim of a headline smear to demand space for immediate retraction, in case it was not immediately forthcoming, as it generally is. And what of "group libel"? Some way may have to be devised to protect minority groups from inflammatory falsehoods. The trouble is that it must not cut a path to the kind of organized minority pressure exerted against the makers of moving pictures, who are so often in hot water with private and public censors when they have presumably offended some group belief, and hence are so sadly timid.

Would it be a deep gouge out of the traditional area of press freedom to compel identification of all groups sponsoring "policy" advertisements? Newspapers must publicly state their ownership and management. Lobbyists must register. "Subversives," too, some legislators insist, must obligingly label their publications as incendiary. Is it possible for the law to insist equally that when a "Tool Owners Union" or a "Committee on Constitutional Government" buys a newspaper page, the newspaper shall publicly divulge who signed the check?

Finally, could the government, without plunging four-footedly into the information field itself, intervene on behalf of competition in ideas by use of anti-trust powers already in its hands? Morris Ernst, seven years ago, had suggestions in that line; he wanted the govern-

ment to take a progressively bigger tax bite out of the more opulent journals, and more strikingly, to reduce or abolish cut-rate mailing privileges for papers which were plainly in the higher tax brackets. The idea was that the paper with two million readers did not need quite as much assistance from society in its useful work as the paper with fifty thousand subscribers. Ernst also wanted to make sure that newspaper publishers were not permitted to sit on the directing boards of press associations, radio stations, paper manufacturing concerns, or other subsidiary news services. He wanted to be certain that the full power of the United States was thrown into the scale to stop the process in the newspaper world of making big ones out of little ones.

The adoption of all or any of such nostrums might work Draconian changes in the American newspaper. Restricting the size of the individual publishing enterprise would not necessarily be the way to realizing anyone's journalistic ideals, either. Papers pinched for space might retain their "popular" features and economize more drastically on the background of the news. Limited in their profit opportunities, they could conceivably be easier prey to temptation by adequately bankrolled interest with ideas to sell. Fabulously wealthy newspapers, whatever else may be said of them, are not venal; it is the starveling editor who can be bought. Moreover, if the American journal was stripped of its frills, it might lose its public altogether to modes of enlightenment and entertainment not demanding the intellectual exercise of reading. Who knows? Without "Blondie" and Robert Ruark, Americans might take in massive numbers to abandoning the paper altogether and getting the news in five minute doses during station breaks on the television set.

The point, indeed, is that the American press is what our industrial boom has made it. It is not the father (as it sometimes likes to claim) but the child of the age. It has grown in our society almost wholly without legal restraint, the sensible premise being that if the rod was not spared, there would be no child at all. Now as an adult institution it is painfully self-righteous and inordinately adverse to self-medication for its possible ills. Getting the press to write and *take* its own prescription for diet and exercise is certain to be a difficult and criticism-lashed job, a thoroughly rough-and-tumble assignment. But then, criticizing or defending journalism in the United States has never been much of a job for gentleman amateurs.

A STORY

The Gauguin Syndrome

By PAUL H. ROHMANN

ASSISTANT PROFESSOR HOWLAND BATES thumbed through the wad of papers from his faculty mail box and picked out the letters, the copy of "Faculty News Sheet," and the library notice. The dozen students' themes he tucked back in the pigeon hole. "Not today, kids," he murmured, tapping them home. "This is Mr. Bates' afternoon off."

As he turned he almost collided with Professor Jud Frack who was darting up with a large flat package.

"Ah, Howie," Jud cried. "I'm glad I caught you. Here it is." Bates looked puzzled as he took the package thrust at him. "The Gauguin," Jud explained. " 'Tahitian Landscape.' "

"Oh Lord, Jud. I didn't mean for you to—"

"Never mind. Take it. I can get along without it in class. Hang it up where you can see it—that spot over the fireplace in your living room. Get rid of that awful Inness. Then study it, get familiar with it, and you'll begin to understand Gauguin."

Bates grinned and raised an eyebrow, teasing. "You mean this will prove he wasn't crazy?"

"Crazy?" Jud winced. "You just don't want to understand. Geniuses are just like other people—only more so. I've told you—"

"Okay, okay." Bates was too well pleased with the prospect of the free afternoon even to indulge in feeding Jud's argument. "I have nothing against crazy artists. As I told you, I like Van Gogh and he was nutty as a fruitcake. And if studying this picture will give me any logical, sane reason for a man to leave a comfortable job and a nice family in his middle age to paint pictures nobody wanted to see, that's fine. But it sounds like border-line eccentricity to me."

"That has nothing to do with his art," Jud began and then caught himself. "No, I won't go through all that again now. Last night was

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enough. You just take the picture and study it, think about it, put yourself in Gauguin's position."

"I'll study it, but I'll be damned if I put myself in his shoes. Okay." He held up a hand to forestall another outburst from Jud. "Come around in a week or so and see how I'm doing." He slipped his arm over the package. "You never get tired of proselytizing the heathen, do you, Jud?"

"No. I guess that's why I'm a teacher. You going over to Faculty Meeting?"

Bates nodded toward the bulletin board beyond the tier of mail boxes. "It's been called off. Dean Wilson has the flu."

"Oh? Good. I mean—too bad for Wilson, but good. I have a stack of exams to go over."

"Well, every man to his taste. I'm going home. Thanks for the picture."

Outside a thin, wet snow was falling, covering the winter worn grass but melting on the concrete walks so that they stood out in black, geometric lines against the whitening campus. Bates stood a moment on the steps of the Administration Building and drew a deep breath of satisfaction. Near the men's dorm two students were trying to scrape together enough snow for snowballs to aim at a cluster of girls hurrying toward the library in a flurry of bright jackets and laughter. Beautiful campus, thought Bates, adjusting the wrapped picture under his arm, wonderful kids, and marvellous free afternoon to work on the book.

He started down the walk with his head tilted to shade the snow from his glasses, a trim figure in his middle thirties, walking with the brisk assurance befitting a tenured faculty member, comfortable householder, and solid citizen of his community. He looked forward to an afternoon in the warm seclusion of his study with the selfish delight of a child with an unexpected holiday.

The snow fell silently with no wind and clung to his shoulders while his mind raced ahead to his book, the novel he dismissed with a smile and a shrug when it came up in conversation but on which he had been working at odd times for longer than he cared to admit. It was always washing about in the back of his mind but now he brought it to the fore again, catching up with the thoughts left un-

written at the last session, preparing for the work of the next four or five hours.

He slowed up when he came to the library, remembering the notice in his pocket. No, he decided, he'd pick up the book tomorrow, much as he wanted to read it. That was the trouble, he wanted to read it *too* much and today was his day to write. He'd stop by in the morning. He had to see Garvan too, about the reading list for his seminar, but tomorrow was better for that errand too; it was best to see Garvan when time was limited or you'd never get away. He tilted his head to the snow again and passed the library.

There was no one at home when he got there. Good. Marian was probably visiting somewhere and the kids were still in school. A quiet, peaceful house with the snow muffling all sound outside.

He dropped the letters on the coffee table and unwrapped the Gauguin print. "Tahitian Landscape," a vivid, somewhat flat view of trees and mountains. He took down the picture hanging on the fireplace wall and hung Jud's offering in its place. It was a change, at any rate, he thought as he stepped back and viewed it, a dash of brightness for these late winter days, even if it didn't give the secret of the artist's life in one easy lesson. Poor old Jud and his missionary complex, his impulsiveness, his eagerness to share his intuitions. It was silly to argue another man's field with him, but Jud was so intense it was hard to keep from going along for the ride. He was really awfully fond of Jud, even if he did enjoy teasing him. He'd make a wonderful character in a novel.

Bates made a minor adjustment in the angle of the picture and then, with a sigh of anticipation, picked up the old picture and his mail and went to his small study. He was filling his pipe when the phone rang in the living room.

"Hello, Howie, this is Fred."

"Oh, *wie geh'ts*?"

"Fine. Say, I've got that Mozart C Minor."

"Great. That ought to be fun to try."

"How about tonight?"

"Tonight?" Bates' eye rested on the open study door. "Gosh, I don't know. Couldn't we make it some week-end?"

"Not this week-end and I don't know about next. I'll have to check with the others. You don't have seminar tonight, do you?"

"No, that's Wednesdays. And this Thursday Marian has something on the fire, I think. It's just that— Well, I like to try to keep my week-day nights free for writing when I can."

"Huh? Oh, sure. I understand, Howie. We all ought to do more writing. Well, how about next week?"

"Well— Look, Fred, if you want to play it right away, why don't you go ahead without me tonight? I can catch up with you later."

"Oh no, we couldn't do it without you, Howie. We *need* you. Come on, you can afford one evening next week. Does you good to relax and we can't let it go too long or we'll all get rusty. Look, I'll get hold of Bernie and Georges and see when they can make it and then I'll let you know. Okay?"

"Okay."

"Any night but Wednesday, right?"

"I guess so. Sure. I do want to try that Mozart, Fred."

"Good. I'll let you know when. So long."

"So long. And thanks." He hung up the phone with a sigh. Damn Fred anyhow. The trouble was that it was fun playing chamber music with him and Georges and Bernie; it was the only music he got nowadays. But it was an evening spent. Well, he whistled Mozart quietly between his teeth, all work and no fiddle playing—

And Fred didn't really understand. "We all ought to do more writing." Fred was thinking of the academic busywork, the article or review every young professor must turn out periodically to keep up his professional name. Well, there was something in that, of course, and he did his share. But this novel was different. This was a labor of love, an end in itself, the slow fruition of a long-planted desire.

Long-planted was right, he said ruefully as he returned to the study, remembering the rosy dreams of his undergraduate days when he was the bright young literary magazine editor. According to that timetable he should have at least a Pulitzer by this time. He smiled patronizingly at his youth. So many things nibble into the time of a man with broad interests.

He lit his pipe and shuffled through the mail. The book catalogs and other third class stuff he put to one side but there was a letter from Tech which he opened and read rapidly. ". . . the success of your course last summer . . . curriculum now being planned . . . enrollment anticipated . . . would enjoy having you again. . . ." He

tossed it on the desk and blew a cloud of smoke at it. Well, well. It was quite flattering to be asked back for the summer session. He must have made an impression last year. He flicked through his mental notes on Tech—the big brick campus, the impressive lecture hall, that house with the nice back yard, the second thoughts he'd had, too late, on the content of the course. It would be fun to go back. And with the kids growing up so fast he couldn't really afford to spend an idle summer.

Idle summer? He pushed back from the desk and paced the short length of the room. A summer would be all he needed to finish up the book—or at least get a good draft of it—a long, uninterrupted summer. Like the first summer after college—a cottage on the lake and days of writing alternating with swimming and lazying on the beach. That was the life, even if nothing had come of the writing. He had been over his depth then and hadn't disciplined himself, but it had been wonderful to spend endless hours at the desk. But the following summers seemed to get cluttered up with getting married, working for his doctorate, and summer school jobs to stretch out the small winter salaries. Then the winter salaries grew larger but never quite fast enough to keep pace with the growing family. Now he had a few weeks in June and a few in August and a year-round family discussion about how to spend them.

Why not just take the plunge now, he asked himself, tapping the pipe stem against his teeth—now, before he found the sides of the rut too smooth and high and comfortable to the shoulders? Why not just stay right here and spend a quiet summer writing? Marian and the kids could go to the lake for a few weeks in August, maybe, or maybe things would be far enough along for him to join them. But— Two months with no income? Even assuming the completion of the book, what sort of income could be expect from it? He was too well aware of the fate of first novels, even in terms of added prestige, daydream as he might. And if it were a complete frost? Marian wouldn't accuse him, he knew, but he'd feel a fool himself. "Sorry, Dr. Benson, I can't pay that bill this month but would you take two chapters of my unpublished novel on account?" Or, "No, children, we can't afford a television set but wouldn't you like me to read you my chapter headings this evening?" And then, like a latter day *La Bohême*, he'd end up by burning the manuscript to get enough hot water to shave with.

This wasn't getting the manuscript written now, though. He put the letter on the pile of catalogs; he'd talk it over with Marian.

There was nothing much in "Faculty News Sheet"—committees, programs, new regulations, reminders. He checked two committee meetings with a pencil and then was brought up short with, "Parents' Meeting at the College School, Monday evening at 8:00." Oh Lord, he groaned, Marian would expect him to go with her. There goes another night next week.

But it would give them a chance to talk to Miss Campbell again, he reflected. He wasn't satisfied with their conference last month; he wasn't sure that her treatment of Kathie was at all right. He stood and glowered out the window. Dammit, couldn't she see that Kathie was the kind of kid who had to figure things out for herself, in her own way, in her own time? If Miss Campbell really believed in the child-centered school as she professed so blithely at these parents' meetings, she ought to be able to understand that a girl like Kathie couldn't be expected to follow the pattern to the letter; she needed a more relaxed atmosphere than the school was evidently providing this year. She wasn't like Tommy; he could sail through anything and come out right side up. But Kathie—

He was pacing the small room now as he thought of the school and his children and tested phrases he would use on Miss Campbell next Monday evening. Suddenly he pulled himself up short at the desk. "All *right!*" he told himself sternly. "You'll go to the meeting and talk it out there, but right now is the time you're going to *work*." With an effort he twisted his mind away from the school and his children, sat down at the desk, and took out the worn folder containing his manuscript.

In time he was happily involved with his characters and their story. He worked steadily for almost an hour, lost in the solitary regions of creation, before the phone rang again.

It was Dr. Mathers. "I thought I'd run into you at Faculty Meeting, Howland, but since it was called off— You know this Sunday night symposium we started this semester on Meanings in Modern Life, don't you?"

"Yes," Bates said. "I missed last week's, but I heard yours. I've been meaning to tell you how much—"

"Yes. Well. How would you like to step in for Gorden?"

"What?"

"He's got to give a paper at the MLA meeting next month and he doesn't think he can do both. He was scheduled for next Sunday but we can move Hal up and give you another week to prepare something. Longer, if you like."

"Well, I don't know if—"

"You know the series. Gorden's talk was to be on The Role of the Arts in Society, but I suppose he would have concentrated pretty strongly on the novel. You could broaden it—music, the graphic arts, drama—as well as the writing angle. You know, the sort of stuff you were telling me at that party at Gorden's last fall."

"Oh, I suppose I—"

Mather's voice rolled on over the wire. "I'm sure you can give a much broader analysis. . . ." The flattery approach, Bates thought dispassionately. ". . . there's plenty of recent material available, it shouldn't take you too long. . . ." The oh-how-easy line. "We think it means a lot to the students and it's a new thing that's getting a lot of notice for the College. . . ." The patriotic. ". . . we're all tired this time of the school year. . . ." The commiserative. ". . . Karl's tied up with Counseling Board this semester and Bob's rehearsing the operetta. . . ." The what-are-you-doing-that's-so-damned-important angle, thought Bates. He was familiar with all of them.

"I suppose so," he said. "Yes . . . yes. Sure. I'll get in touch with you."

A forty-five minute talk and lead a discussion. It was a good series they had started and quite interesting, and it was impressive to be asked by Mathers, even as a pinch hitter. He walked back to the study and stared out the window, the card index in his mind sorting out ideas, outlining tentative approaches. Material to look up, notes to make. Keep it factual; look up that piece by Edman; get some museum and concert figures. Outside, the snow was coming down thicker, clinging to the bare branches and building little cones on the fence posts at the edge of the lawn. The part of his mind not occupied with the card index idly noted that he would have to shovel off the front sidewalk before dark.

Suddenly he felt a great weight on his shoulders as the weight of the many small responsibilities and commitments struck him at once. Dammit, why did he have to get so in*volv*ed in things? Here he

was, Howland Bates, a relatively unimportant little man alone in his house surrounded by trackless snow, and a hundred strings were tied to him, pulling him a hundred different ways, when all he wanted to do was sit at that desk and not be disturbed. Where did it all start? How did he get connected to so many tugging strings? Might as well ask at what one point the snow outside changed from a thin layer you could walk over to a drift you had to spend time shovelling from the sidewalk. Yes, and since this was *his* house, *he* had to shovel it off *that* sidewalk. That was the social code.

He shook his head wearily. There *was* no one point. Things flowed into one another, gathering tasks and responsibilities like alluvial deposits. He had wanted a wife and family so he had to provide for them, not only with their daily bread (families cannot live by bread alone) but with the house with the new coat of paint and the chronic plumbing and the spaded garden and the car in the garage and the talks with the Miss Campbells and the five thousand hours of love. So he had to have a job, and the job took him to classes and committees and libraries and lectures. And since the job was in a community, he had to assume the role of a citizen in the community—not only more committees and talks on the Arts in Society, but time spent at string quartettes and canasta, voting booths and cocktail parties, newspapers and conversation.

But that wasn't fair, really, he told himself. He didn't begrudge the time spent these ways; if he had to make a choice between his book and his family there would be no hesitation. It wasn't a mere matter of duty versus desire—you could draw the line sharply there; one did it every day. It was a matter of desire conflicting with desire, for the most part, of one love versus another. The society was too complex, the world was too damn full of a number of things. And the gregarious instinct could become satiated like other hungers.

Whatever happened to the doctrine of free will, he asked the silent snow. Did anybody believe he could still shape his own end, or even rough-hew it? Ninety-five per cent of what we do is determined by others, from the Supreme Court justices to the mosquitoes for whom we spend spring afternoons putting up screens. And that other five per cent? You'd never miss it unless you see it lying there on your desk, gasping for life, that little parcel of tranquility recollected in emotion. He knew he had it in him—he couldn't, wouldn't question

that fundamental belief. All he asked was a chance to sit down and get it out on paper. He raised his head and stretched his clenched fists at arm's length.

"Who is the master of my fate?" he called aloud to the empty house. "Who the hell *is* the captain of my soul?"

He heard the car enter the driveway on the other side of the house and a minute later Marian and the children banged through the back door. They swirled into the study when they discovered him, bringing the fresh breath of snow and the hubbub of companionship.

"Do you mind an early dinner?" Marian asked. "About five-thirty? I've got a League meeting tonight I can't get out of."

Bates looked at the well-loved face across the heads of the children. *You too?* The League calls a meeting, Marian must go, dinner is moved up, and the book is delayed another half hour. The strings were growing longer, with more knots in them.

"What's the matter, Howie?" There was concern on her face as she watched him and it flashed across his mind that he could pull his end of the string too. He could be sick and have a late supper in bed and Marian would miss the meeting and the League would— He blinked his eyes and smiled.

"Nothing, nothing. No, I don't mind an early dinner. I can't work much longer today anyhow."

"Daddy, will you come out and build a snowman with us?" Kathy rested a snow-wet elbow on a page of the uncompleted manuscript.

Marian answered before he could. "I thought you wanted to help me make muffins for dinner?"

"Yes, I do." The small brow puckered. "But I want to build a snowman too."

Et tu, little Kathie?

"How about *us* making one?" Tommy asked him.

"Not now, Tommy," Bates said. "I've got work to do."

His son glanced at the pages on the desk. "Oh, that old writing," he said disdainfully.

And when you do stand up for your little, selfish five per cent, Bates thought as he watched his son's frowning face, the first ones you hurt are the ones you love best.

"Look, kids," he said. "Just give me half an hour more to work. If I'd had a Faculty Meeting this afternoon I wouldn't be home now

anyhow. And then we'll all go outside and shovel snow and build snowmen. Okay?"

He closed the door on their reluctant backs, took off his glasses, and rubbed the bridge of his nose. We are *all* tied up with strings, he thought, all part of the net of civilization. People pulled strings that moved him, he pulled strings that affected other people—his family and his students, to mention the most obvious ones. So it goes. And education and upbringing are simply processes of adjusting the individual ego to the trace lines of social responsibility. Ah well, he thought as he replaced his glasses, no man can be an island. But, dammit, do we *all* have to be land-locked?

He shook the mood from him, resettled himself at the desk, and struggled back to the fictional problems of his characters.

In due time the phone rang again. "It's for you, Dad," Tommy called.

Marian had turned on the bridge lamp in the living room and tilted it so it shone full on the new picture over the fireplace. Bates stopped when he entered the room, struck by the full impact of the painting—this highly individual impression of a lush island in a sun-washed sea, a land where no snow fell and no phones rang.

A short laugh bubbled in his throat, a quiet, private laugh, no more than a sad little sound of surprise. It came again and this time it touched his eyes and the corners of his mouth.

Then he walked to the phone. "Hello," he said, "this is Paul Gauguin speaking."

Liberalism and Political Symbols

By CHARLES FRANKEL

THE PRESENT greatly renewed interest in symbols is one of the more revealing symptoms of our present discontents. Quite apart from its intrinsic intellectual interest, it is a product of the simple fact that our old symbols are giving us trouble. On the one side, they are losing power because it is suspected that they have no content; on the other side, the reaction is to use those symbols with an increasingly exclusive regard to their feeling-tone alone. Our inherited symbols no longer produce communion among men; they no longer initiate common emotion, or produce the sense of a common linkage to some significant fact or ideal. And they have also come to be actual impediments to communication, not vehicles to other realities, but curtains which hide them. The present interest in "emotive" theories, on the intellectual left, the present attack on the empirical analysis of symbols, on the intellectual right—both are indications of the dissociation of the value-initiating component of communication from its descriptive component.

In this essay, I should like to make a few very general observations, mainly historical in character, about the characteristic attitudes of modern liberalism toward political symbols. Much of what I have to say borders on the obvious. But a good deal of the present discussion of symbols seems to me to represent a systematic, and almost a malicious, misrepresentation of what liberalism has stood for in this regard, and to have implications of a serious political and intellectual nature.

I

Walter Bagehot pointed out almost a century ago that an effective political order has two parts, an "efficient" part, which formulates pro-

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grams and administers and governs, and a "theatrical" part, which symbolizes certain common traditions and ideals, and which both represents and strengthens the bonds that hold men together in an orderly society. Each, Bagehot argued, is essential to politics, and each is essential to the effective functioning of the other; nevertheless, Bagehot preferred that kind of polity which, though it includes both parts, also keeps them clearly distinct. Of course, Bagehot had in mind the British political system—this was in fact the subject of his study. But the kind of political system he had in mind is also exemplified to a very large extent in the United States, where it has become habitual for most citizens to distinguish between the President as the leader of a party and the Presidency as the symbol of constitutional authority and American ideals.

Bagehot's observation is important for more than the reason that it illustrates a certain British tendency to regard things British as natural models for everyone else. It suggests, in the first place, the two poles, the two opposed considerations, of which the discussion of political symbols must take account. There is a twofold truth about political symbols out of which most discussion about them is generated. Nothing is more potent than political symbols in generating and sustaining voluntary collective behavior; but nothing is a greater weight upon communication and understanding than the dust of dead idols. According as one takes the first or the second of these truths as important, his position develops; and it is out of this that most of the recurrent controversies concerning the nature and use of political symbols have arisen. For it is plain that no adequate discussion of political symbols can neglect either of these facts. One does not have to agree with everything Bagehot says to take his approach as a model of that mixture of respect and wariness with which political symbols should be approached. For it is possible to be so impressed with the power of symbols as to sacrifice intellectual clarity and candor, and political efficiency as well; and it is possible to be so wary of political symbols, to distrust them in such a wholesale fashion, that one sacrifices the most elementary political realism. Probably no one takes, or, at any rate, wants to take, either of these positions. But one always seems to leave the impression that he is doing so, at least on his opponents.

Now, political liberalism has no doubt frequently given the im-

pression that it adopts the second of these two views, and that it cherishes the dream that, by some act of philosophic or semantic surgery, the power of symbols can be cut off and these irrational spurs to action expelled from organized social life. One need only think of the popular semanticists of our time, of the propaganda-analysts, and of the increasingly pervasive tendency, which these only exemplify, to believe that if a statement is shown to express an emotion, or to have a particular interest-group behind it, it is therefore revealed to be untrue or worse—meaningless. One need, again, only recall the belief of the youthful John Stuart Mill—rejected by the mature Mill—that poetry was nonsense, or, on a different level, how much of Bentham's work was devoted to the deflating of empty legal fictions.

In his emphasis on the importance of the "theatrical" aspects of politics, Bagehot is clearly critical of this tendency, if tendency it is, in the liberal and utilitarian tradition he inherited. But, at the same time, it is plain that he remains squarely within it. For, with all his emphasis on "theater," he is nevertheless concerned that the symbolic aspect of politics be kept clearly distinct from the efficient aspects. Bagehot's position is thus a suggestive point of departure for the questions we wish to raise concerning the traditional attitude of modern liberalism toward political symbols. What is this attitude? What in it has given rise to the impression that political liberalism has no place for symbols? Is it true that political liberalism is committed to the unhappy position of speaking prose in a world in which all its competitors are free to use more potent methods of persuasion? And is it true that the empirical and critical analysis of symbols—*e.g.*, the "positivism," the psychological and sociological approach to religion, the economic approach to history—which has characterized the intellectual aspect of liberal culture is the major cause for the present (alleged) "confusion and uncertainty," "the decline in morality," the loss of the old faiths and the absence of any new ones?

It would be well to begin by asking how liberalism has impressed its opponents. It has, perhaps, been pointed out only infrequently that philosophic conservatives have been antagonized not only, or even primarily, by the ideas of liberalism, but by its tone. To their ears and eyes, the manner of liberalism has seemed cold and abstract, and its language prosy, unimaginative, and degrading. They have been annoyed that liberals should talk about government as though it were

a business; they have been dismayed that liberalism should speak of social bonds like marriage as though they were bargains, and about obedience to authority as though it were a calculation of profit and loss; they have been amused that liberals should approach the passions and complexities of politics with the abstract attitudes and naive expectations of symmetry of the geometer. "Calico merchants!" said Burke, looking at the spectacle of the French National Assembly. "Sheep in sheep's clothing!" snorts Mr. Churchill, looking at the contemporary inheritors of British liberalism, the Labor government.

There is more in this than snobbishness, or the instinctive aversion of the wellbred to newcomers to power. There is, in the first place, a difference in style, a radical disparity in the symbols by which one group speaks and lives as against those employed by the other. Each style has had its great achievements, but the difference between them has been persistent. Compare Burke's prose to Bentham's, or Mr. Churchill's historical sweep with Mr. Atlee's careful marshalling of evidence and his almost passionate desire not to be misunderstood. Or think of Mill and F. H. Bradley, or of Bertrand Russell and, say, George Santayana.

And there is, besides this difference in style, a deep sense, on the conservative side, of the importance of such a difference, and a conviction that liberals make too little of the significance of symbols. In addition to what is no doubt an immediate reaction to the style of liberalism, there is also, in short, a set of beliefs—in Burke's case, a half-formulated theory of political symbols. For Burke, the symbols of power, the costumes and masks and ceremonies which surround it, are what make the exercise of power not merely an instrument but a ritual, not merely a play for personal advantage but the enacting of a social role. To his mind, liberalism, in attacking these symbols, or in neglecting them, strips them away from power and leaves power naked. By stating the unadorned facts, liberalism releases unadorned human instincts; in insisting that a queen is only a woman, it leads men to treat her as though she were an animal. It destroys the warm and civilizing symbols that are rooted in family and home, in native land and ancestral religion. And in their place it puts symbols that are, at once, too rational and too material. On the one side, it proposes abstractions like "liberty" and "equality"; on the other side, it proposes money and material possessions. On the one side, the symbols of liberalism

lack the contagion of the familiar, and the sense of discipline and of the limits of human achievement which symbols descended from the past convey; on the other side, the symbols of liberalism lack the power to elevate and ennoble, or to lift men to a sense of membership in a community larger than the circle of their own personal ideas and interests.

This, in general, is the impression liberalism has left on its most sensitive, though no doubt not completely dispassionate, opponents. Though they are rarely expressed directly in terms of the question of political symbols, some such views, I have no doubt, are ultimately behind much of the present turning away from the pragmatic and empirical temper of liberalism, and the growing desire to revive old pieties. What in liberalism explains this indictment of it?

Far from its being the case that liberalism has no concern for symbols, much of its intellectual effort has been expended on them. The abuse of symbols has been a persistent and major target of liberalism from Locke to Harold Lasswell. It is enlightening, indeed, to see the most characteristic intellectual techniques of modern empiricism—from the doctrine of the association of ideas to the development of an empiricist epistemology, from the theory of the social contract to the rewriting of history—as connected with certain deep-seated political and cultural objectives. The psychological doctrine of the association of ideas, for example, is an instrument for the analysis of symbols, and for the critical evaluation of them in the light of what are believed to be the facts. By analyzing complex ideas down to their components, one learns how certain objects have come to be associated in the mind with other things, how they have come to serve as symbols, and to arouse feelings and emotions of a certain sort; one also learns by this process of analysis what things are really associated in nature and what things are associated only in the mind. Thus, one gets rid of those symbols which deceive, and the human understanding can be remade.

Again, the great histories of the eighteenth century, which depicted the past as an almost unbroken record of crime and folly, were also instruments for exposing the pretenses of existing power, for showing that the symbols in the name of which power was exercised referred either to what had never been or to what had long since died. History was a systematic unmasking, an exhibition of the private ambition that lurks behind the appeal to "God," and of the stubborn

inertia of power that hides behind appeals to "necessity" or "the divine plan." The language of the social contract serves a similar function. Why, in this context, is there the recurrent effort to imagine "a state of nature"? Because it is necessary to consider governments stripped of the inherited symbols which make objective appraisal of them so difficult. Why do we speak of a "contract"? Because this suggests that the legitimation of government is in some felt, tangible reward, some measurable gain in human well-being.

The social-contract theory of government is now in disrepute, and we have gone beyond the simple psychological theories of the associationists. Nevertheless, it is worth noting that this attitude toward symbols remains a characteristic feature of contemporary liberalism. The muckrakers of the turn of the century, the hardboiled writers on war of the '20's, were engaged in a not dissimilar enterprise. Charles Beard's *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* is an attempt to confront the Constitution as a symbol with the Constitution as an historical reality. Similarly, Veblen shows the origin of the symbols of finance capitalism in a predatory and militaristic, and now anachronistic, past. Much of Freud's program for the remaking of individual minds involves showing, through analysis, how certain beliefs or acts or persons have come to have symbolic meaning, what that meaning is, and how it rests on a dissociation from the facts. And recondite and dry-as-dust as empiricist epistemology, classic and contemporary, sometimes seems, there is behind much of it the stubborn conviction that "the abuse of words," intellectual obscurantism and confusion, is a major instrument in human oppression. The empiricist technique of defining the meaning of a belief by finding what observable difference it logically implies is a technique for freeing men from enslavement to symbols.

This, no doubt, is the source of much that is said in criticism of liberalism. But it is plain, I think, that on the whole the criticism is hitting at a straw man. For to free men from enslavement to symbols is not the same thing as to free them from symbols. The liberal target is the symbol which is empty of anything but feeling-tone. The positive goal is the re-educating of men so that they would be moved only by those symbols which have a factual content, or which represent ideals which, in the light of a sober consideration of the facts, are worth the pursuit. No doubt, if one examines a symbol, and shows it has no basis

in fact, that will weaken the hold of this symbol on those who did not know this before. But the assumption here is that only a fool would want a fool's paradise, and that these "paradises" usually end in ruins anyway.

There is, nevertheless, a kernel of truth in what Burke had to say about the French liberals of his own day, and it remains true, though less so, of many liberals since. If we think of Deism, for instance, we cannot fail to agree with the romantic verdict on the thinness of its symbols. The symbols which many eighteenth century liberals accepted were, to a considerable extent, the symbols for immediate and limited moral and social objectives. What their symbolic framework lacked were symbols which had what might be called the quality of "transcendence"—they had no symbols which might serve as images of the ever unfinished, as reminders of the perennial gap between human aspirations and human achievement. The symbols of Deism were spurs and directives to action, but they did not chasten or temper it. Eighteenth century Deism died, not because its arguments were refuted—though they were—but because it was symbolically uncompelling.

But while this is true and important, we should not make too much of it. In the first place, it is not at all true of the first-rate liberal minds of the eighteenth century such as Voltaire and Diderot. It is not even true all the time of Baron D'Holbach. Voltaire, for example, thought of the progress of humanity not as the path by which man would eventually be saved from all evils, but as a spectacle, in the contemplation of which men might find some consolation for the ills to which they are inevitably subject. In the second place, it is increasingly less true as liberalism develops. John Stuart Mill's desperate moment came, it will be remembered, when he asked himself whether the achievement of all his political and social goals was enough for happiness. And his working through this "mental crisis" resulted, as it did with others, not simply in a new respect for poetry but in a remarkable deepening and extension of the liberal imagination.

Furthermore, it should be remembered that the narrowing down of symbols to represent only immediate facts or immediate objectives is by no means distinctively characteristic of liberalism as compared with other movements. Those who think so forget their St. Paul. He complained, I need hardly say, about the early Christians who thought

that Christ's message of the Kingdom of God meant the destruction of the earth tomorrow or, at worst, the day after tomorrow. The "thinness" of early liberalism is not a consequence of its liberalism but of its youth. And if many "liberals" apparently continue to imagine that the achievement of some particular set of objectives is all there is, it should be remembered that liberalism, in general, has only recently come back into the world, and that no social movement has a foolproof way of keeping the naive and the moral idiots from adhering to it.

In any case, the criticism of liberalism on the grounds of its alleged exclusion of "transcendence" hardly serves the purpose of those who usually make it. For it is perfectly possible to entertain what is after all the not very mysterious image of human fallibility without adopting a supernatural religion or metaphysics. And it might be pointed out that supernatural religions have not themselves always clearly distinguished in fact between the transcendent ideals they claim to espouse and the institutions of this world which are the particular vehicles of them. When it comes to worldliness, it is still true that he who is without sin should cast the first stone. And, I venture to suggest, not many stones will be cast. Indeed, what distinguishes liberalism here is that, unlike other political ideologies, it has, as it were, a built-in deterrent against the degeneration of symbols into idols—the empirical method of criticizing symbols in the light of their relation to facts.

II

Symbols, in the sense in which we are discussing them here, have two salient characteristics. In the first place, the term, "symbol," stands for any object or event which initiates or strengthens feelings such as liking, revering, cherishing, and their opposites. In the second place, a symbol is characterized by the fact that it eventually directs these feelings to something other than itself—something to which it points. Symbols are mediators—the shadows of some other substance, the vehicles to some other world. So understood, a "symbol" can be anything from a word to a gesture, from a habitual ritual to an impulsive action, from the ruins of a city to the sea at Dover Beach. On the one hand, symbols are not merely signs in that they do not merely point to the existence of something, but initiate favorable or unfavorable attitudes toward it; on the other hand, symbols are not valued for

their own sakes, as, for instance, a pretty pebble or a flower might be, but for what they are symbols of.

This is, of course, not to say that a neutral sign may not also be a symbol, that what gives us information may not also edify or bemuse or depress us; nor is it to say that symbols may not also be esthetically arresting in their own right. A natural object such as a cloud may be both a sign of rain and a symbol of the mercy of God; and, among the products of human effort, as we move from the "practical" arts to the "fine" arts, we find that the heightened esthetic effect is almost always accompanied by a greater symbolic power. "A rapt poet," as Santayana remarks, not only "arrests us," he "rebukes us," and he "*delivers* us."

It is also true, of course, that men frequently imagine that by the manipulation of symbols alone the realities which they portend can also be controlled. This is not only a "primitive" belief. It has been a persistent dream among philosophers, and, as the recent campaign may remind us, it has been recurrent among practical politicians. The stubborn vitality of this belief attests to the power which symbols have over men's beliefs and actions. To control the symbols of power—to wrap oneself in the flag, to monopolize terms like "American" or "Democracy"—is, as everyone knows, a way of enhancing one's power. Nor is the belief in the magical power of symbols usually a conscious exploitation of other people's ignorance or fear. More often it is a response to the difficulties of dealing with the environment directly. Idolatry is a pathetic symptom of the fact that, in human affairs, it is frequently more easy to get at symbols than to get at what they represent.

But the faith in symbols, and the fact that their manipulation is itself a way of controlling human beliefs and actions, does not change the fact that they lean on, and point to, other things. Even in the unvarnished practice of magic, the magical instrument is viewed as the habitation of some external spirit, the vessel of some other power. In short, the power which symbols have to move us is *borrowed* power. And, when what they stand for changes or disappears, they live on borrowed time.

This is hardly more than a liberal platitude, but it is, I think, worth remembering. Much of the controversy about the nature and use of political symbols is, in the last analysis, part of a larger conflict

between two alternative strategies for social action. The one looks to the concrete alteration of our institutions for the revival of faith and the restoration of morality. And it looks to intellectual clarification, to the analysis of the content of symbols, as the first step—the therapeutic step—in the reconstruction, not only of symbols, but of what symbols symbolize. It proceeds on the assumption that symbols are most efficacious when what they represent exists, and when this existing state of affairs itself produces the emotions which the symbol leads us to expect; or, if it is some ideal which is symbolized, when that ideal is really an animating and controlling element of behavior, and when it seems worth the cost of its pursuit. The second alternative looks to the manufacture or revival of symbols as the major path by which faith and morality can be restored; and it credits the empirical and critical analysis of symbols with a major responsibility for what it alleges is the present decline in the strength and character of our convictions and behavior. Most usually, it seems to feel that the turning away from those institutions which have been the traditional repositories of our most sacred symbols has been the major cause of our troubles, and that a renewed faith in these institutions and their symbols is the essential cure.

Apart from the fact that this seems to confuse religion and advertising, it seems to me to place a little too much faith in what advertising can do. Advertising men try to sell soft drinks as the symbol of "the American Way," but they usually take the trouble to put a pretty girl in the picture too. Of course, it is possible to give symbols a shot of adrenalin. They can always be shouted more shrilly, or waved more violently, and by such techniques they can—perhaps—be kept alive indefinitely. But the price we pay is in the shoddiness of our symbols, and in magic, mystery, and authority.

Liberals and Conservatives

By LAURENCE SEARS

IT IS ONE of the significant facts of our time that there is a growing concern with the meaning of political conservatism, and a dissatisfaction with the way that the term is popularly used. To a large degree both "liberal" and "conservative" are today little more than honorific terms used to give a comfortable glow of satisfaction, or else epithets designed to destroy the influence of those with whom we disagree. But even though the concepts are blurred, nonetheless one assumption is held in common, that *either* one *or* the other is the true belief, and that, although we may tolerate the opposite and mistaken view, *we* hold the truth and must be ready to do battle for it. It is the right versus the wrong. But there is another position which holds: (1) that it is one of the urgent tasks of our time to get these terms sharply defined; and (2) that when we do so, we will find that each position holds both a profound and a partial truth. That view needs re-examination today.

One of the difficulties that lie in the path of clear definition arises from the fact that we have largely forgotten our own political tradition. The picture often drawn of the conservative does not correspond with the features of men like Burke in England or James Madison or John Adams in this country. This is not surprising in the light of the fact that there have been so few clear-headed and consistent conservatives in this country in the last century that we have forgotten what they look like, grown contemptuous of their contribution, and identified them with the reactionary (as fatal a blunder as to identify the liberal with the radical). We are continually faced with this danger of identifying the conservative with men of our own time who are striving to get back to the good old days, who are worshiping at the shrine of

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the economic Gods of the things as they were, and who would formulate a program entirely around such policies as the reduction of taxes, the removal of economic controls, and the cessation of any attempt to break up monopolies. But this is a travesty of our tradition and confirms Reinhold Niebuhr's contention that contemporary American conservatism is little more than a decayed form of nineteenth-century liberalism. It is time that we rescued this word "conservative," and gave to it something of the meaning and dignity that it once had.

By way of comparison and contrast, it might be well to look briefly at the tradition of liberalism, of which Jefferson is the outstanding example among the founding fathers. All political philosophies rest back ultimately upon an assumption about human nature. Madison recognized this when he wrote: "What is government itself, but the greatest of all reflections on human nature?" Jefferson was perfectly explicit at this point—he believed profoundly in the potential rationality of man. Hence the appeal to reason by facts was his answer to all political problems. "Enlighten the people generally, and tyranny and oppressions of body and mind will vanish like evil spirits at the dawn of day." Here is the faith of the liberal; men can be appealed to through their intelligence, and in the light of what is wise, they can in the long run be trusted to act not solely in terms of their narrow self-interest, but on behalf of that which is good for all.

It is worth noting that it is because of this belief in the reasonableness of man that liberals have to a large extent rejected the necessity of force. L. T. Hobhouse saw this when he declared that it was of the essence of liberalism to oppose the use of force since it was the basis of tyranny.

A second characteristic of Jefferson was his deep concern with the rights of man. It was not an accident that it was he who wrote the Declaration of Independence with its insistence upon the fact that all men are endowed by their creator with the inalienable rights of life and liberty and the pursuit of happiness. As time went on he stressed freedom of speech as the central right in any democracy. Here again was his faith that men could be trusted with such freedom and that the state would be the stronger for it. "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this union or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to

combat it." Finally, there was a commitment on Jefferson's part to the belief that old ways were never good enough. He sometimes loosely phrased this attitude so as to make it seem that he was advocating revolution, when in effect he was stressing the necessity of continually altering the political and social patterns in such a way as to meet the demands of a new day. Like all liberals, he seemed continually to be saying: "Hurry; the hour is very late and our work has just begun."

When one turns to the tradition of political conservatism, one inevitably examines the philosophy of John Adams and James Madison, and the first discovery is that, contrary to contemporary notions, theirs is not the position of reactionaries seeking merely to cling to their privilege, property, and power. These men are concerned with the achievement of positive values.

As regards their view of human nature, one finds a startling contrast with that of Jefferson. John Adams gives a classic statement:

> It is weakness rather than wickedness which renders men unfit to be trusted with unlimited power. The passions are all unlimited; nature has left them so; if they could be bounded, they would be extinct. . . . The love of gold grows faster than the heap of acquisition; the love of praise increases by every gratification, till it stings like an adder, and bites like a serpent; till the man is miserable every moment when he does not snuff the incense. Ambition strengthens at every advance, and at last takes possession of the whole soul so absolutely that a man sees nothing in the world of importance to others or himself but in his object.

Nor is this lack of faith in the rationality of men confined to those who are uneducated. The élite are mistrusted as much as the masses. Education is no answer to irrationality and greed. John Adams was suspicious of both groups alike—

> The more knowledge is diffused, the more the passions are extended, and the more furious they grow. . . . The increase and dissemination of knowledge, instead of rendering unnecessary the checks of emulation and the balances of rivalry in the orders of society and constitution of government, augment the necessity of both. . . . Bad men increase in knowledge as fast as good men; and science, arts, taste, sense, and letters are employed for the purposes of injustice and tyranny as well as those of law and liberty; for corruption as well as virtue.

Because of his lack of faith in the possibility of a rational appeal to the disinterested behavior of men, his primary concern was with the fact of power. Here is the core of the conservative philosophy, as true in England and on the Continent as it has been in this country. Though

it is possible to define power in terms either of coercion or of persuasion, the distinction remains. It is a matter of emphasis. Both sides would agree that the ideal situation is where power is delegated under maximum conditions of persuasion and with a minimum of pressure and force. But the liberal believes that his ends can be largely achieved through persuasion, while the conservative believes that persuasion is inadequate and coercion is inevitable. The play of contending groups seeking power for the achievement of their ends has always been the dominant concern of men like Adams, and they have sought to understand not only its source but also its effect. Adams would wholeheartedly have agreed with Lord Acton in his insistence that power always corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Because of his conviction that this was the effect of power, he was concerned to find the means of distributing and balancing it so that no group or man should hold an inordinate amount. Since we cannot depend upon rational and disinterested behavior, the balance of power is the only answer to the selfishness of men. As John Randolph phrased it, "You may cover whole skins of parchment with limitations, but power alone can limit power."

It was James Madison, the man who had more influence in the drafting of our Constitution than anyone else, who formulated the patterns which have become an integral part of our political life, even though we are scarcely conscious of the philosophy which lies behind them. He started with a recognition of the existence of factions within society which he believed were based upon economic interests. The most common and durable source of factions has always been the various and unequal distribution of property. "Those who hold and those who are without property have ever formed distinct interests in society." It is startling to realize that at this point he was not far from the position of Marx as to the economic basis of politics; in his conviction that men are motivated primarily by their economic interests. But from then on he broke drastically with the Marxian philosophy. Whereas Marx believed that the history of the world lay in the struggle between classes, where one class must inevitably destroy the other, Madison did not believe that it was possible to give to all men the same economic interests, no matter what the economic structure might be, and insisted that any such attempt to remove factions would inevitably destroy liberty. And liberty was always his supreme value. Since, there-

fore, you cannot remove the causes, you must control the effects, and that can only be done in one of two ways.

In the first place, by a check upon the people's direct control over their government. It was because of this that he sought so strenuously for the system of checks and balances which lies at the heart of our Constitution. In the second place, he believed in extending the sphere of interests, of expanding the number of factions and thereby taking in a greater variety of interests, thus giving an effective voice to all.

In summarizing this conservative philosophy in order to see more clearly its relevance in our own time, it is redundant to do more than mention the lack of faith in man, which was at its heart. There was little faith in men, either the common people or the aristocracy. Most men are seen as selfish when their interests are involved and many are potentially corrupt. One is reminded of the closing lines of the ballad "Frankie and Johnnie":

> This story has no moral
> This story has no end
> This story only goes to show
> That there ain't no good in men.

Viereck, to whom we are indebted for reminding us of the conservative tradition, has emphasized this fact of human frailty; of the extent to which men are prone to sin and selfishness, and has recognized that this was the foundation of the conservative position.

In the second place, because of this mistrust, the conservative has been determined to distribute and balance power. John Adams said, ". . . every project has been found to be no better than committing the lamb to the custody of the wolf, except the one which is called the balance of power. . . ." Power naturally grows because human passions are insatiable, but that power alone can grow which is unchecked, which has no equal power to control it.

Contemporary psychology has made an interesting contribution to this analysis of the meaning of power and its relation to democracy. James Marshall has written recently a brilliant article[1] exploring the meaning of power for a theory of democracy. He starts with an insistence that one cannot understand democracy without reducing it to the various elements of power. He goes on to point out that to

[1] *Democracy in a World of Tension:* A Symposium prepared by UNESCO, pp. 214-227.

"exercise power of any nature over people is to that extent to deny or relieve them of responsibility and that such denial limits their personalities, their opportunities for growth, and is the source of immaturity." Hence for him "the measure of a people's democracy is the extent of its freedom from dependence," for dependence has as its corrolaries submissiveness and apathy, which are the denial of the whole spirit of democracy. "Freedom from dependence is requisite to maturity." His test of political democracy, therefore, is the freedom from dependence of its people, and its necessary condition is the diffusion of power.

In the third place, this conservative philosophy means an acceptance in bluntest terms of pressure politics. In fact, the question is raised as to what other politics there are. The definition of politics as the art of who gets what, when and how is widely accepted. Again it is worth reminding ourselves that the differences between the conservative and the liberal are matters of emphasis; each recognizes the need for persuasion as well as the facing of power by power. Perhaps an illustration will make clearer the distinction. We have in this country many hundreds of thousands of migrant workers who are, politically speaking, the forgotten men. As we face this obvious injustice, the liberal would seem more likely to depend upon an appeal to those who do have political power to share it with those without, trusting to the reason and decency of men to see how grossly unfair this situation is. I suspect that the genuine conservative would spend little time in such an appeal—rather he would try to see the migrants organized so that they could make an effective demand upon the body politic.

Such a philosophy implies that the basic economic conflicts of society must always remain. Any political kingdom of heaven where the lions and the lambs lie down together is not likely to transpire, and the philosophy of the Marxian that it is possible to remove these tensions by the destruction of one class is seen to be obvious nonsense, if, of course, one places any value whatever on liberty. This is a hard fact to face. We would like to get rid of the tensions of society. In some cases we will, but essentially any vital society is one which will contain multiple tensions, differences, and interests. As Tannenbaum has put it,[2] "Conflict, strife, divergence, difference of interest and opinion over many things for many reasons, and in varying degrees of intensity, are

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[2]"Balance of Power in Society," in *Political Science Quarterly*, December, 1947.

the conditions of social peace. The conflicting processes of democracy are consistent with and essentially a part of the stresses and strains of life itself." The emphasis lies upon the democratic *process* rather than upon any specific goals. Once again we must remind ourselves that the conservative is not uninterested in justice or in equality, but rather that every achievement is but one step in an endless process which is itself the condition of growth, vitality, and hope.

A fourth characteristic of the conservative faith is its emphasis upon expediency rather than upon ultimate rights or principles. An illustration might be drawn from the career of Woodrow Wilson. When he faced the close of World War I, he formulated his famous Fourteen Points, among which was the self-determination of small nations. This was an appealing principle but many came to question whether it did not do more harm than good. The conservative would have been suspicious of any such principle and would certainly have been more likely to seek for adjustments which were at least possible, even though something less than ideal. There is less of a glorious vision held out by the conservative than by the liberal, but there is a sturdy insistence that starting with where we are we may achieve something better even though it falls far short of the dreams of men. There is the belief that although we may never achieve the day when all men may have life and liberty and be free to seek their happiness, yet we will make progress toward this achievement.

No specific economic system is necessarily assumed but there is a general approach to our economic problems. The liberal tends to look for that system which will give a maximum of equality and justice based upon deliberate adjustment of means to ends. The conservative tends to trust much more the invisible hand operating through the play of economic forces upon each other than he does to any conscious planning or centralized control. Once again it is the process rather than the results which are important. Galbraith, in *American Capitalism*, has approached the economic problem in such a spirit. He starts with a concern about the extent of governmental power and defends, as an alternative, a system where private economic power is held in check by the countervailing power of those who are subject to it. Politically, this means that the primary rule of the state is to give assistance in the development of such balances of power. Controls, in other words, would be largely automatic, the result of the balancing

of forces rather than the deliberate and conscious control by those in power.

Finally, it needs to be said that the conservative, although he tends to move more slowly, is not committed to the preservation of a *status quo*. He is not, as was said before, a reactionary, and the distinction needs to be kept clear. He too would move ahead, though more slowly. The great English conservative, Burke, characterized the role of the statesman as "the disposition to preserve and the ability to improve," and any genuine conservative would agree.

The contribution of, and commitment to, democracy on the part of the liberal is widely recognized, but we must understand clearly what the liberal means. Henry L. Stimson, himself one of the few consistent conservatives we have had in America in modern times, defined the liberal position acutely, even though he disagreed with it. Speaking of the dominant philosophy of the early years of the twentieth century, he said:

> The theoretically easy and emotionally satisfactory solution to the failures of democracy lay in "more democracy." If government was inefficient or subservient to powerful private interests, turn it back to the people. This solution, which was in direct line with the traditions of Jeffersonian democracy, found its expression in the movement for the direct election of senators and the direct primary and more exuberantly in the campaigns for the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. . . . The people had lost control of their government because its complexities provided a smoke screen for the manipulation of bosses and private interests; then let the people themselves take charge.[3]

Give information to the people, put into their hands direct control of their government, and ultimately our problems will be solved. The liberal would define democracy, in other words, as that system of government where freely elected representatives are directly responsible to an informed and participating citizenry.

The conservative definition is different, though only in emphasis. Since the primary function of government lies in the maintenance of balance between influences, democracy will mean the distribution and therefore the minimization of power. It is not the mere tossing of direct and unlimited power into the hands of individual citizens, but a balance between competing groups which is the condition of political

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[3] *On Active Service in Peace and War*, by Henry L. Stimson and McGeorge Bundy, Harper and Brothers.

health, and compromise between varying interests becomes the condition of liberty. In fact a conservative might very well define democracy as that system of government where no one gets all he wants.

But if there are differences of definition, there is certainly as great a commitment to democracy on the part of the conservative as there is with the liberal. However, here again the reason differs. It is less his faith in the goodness of human nature than it is his conviction of the depravity of man which lies behind his devotion to democracy. Niebuhr has said that "Man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary." Thus, by profoundly different roads the liberal and the conservative come to the democratic conclusion that sovereignty must be vested in all the people. In this conviction that we the people hold the ultimate authority, the two philosophies unite.

It is not difficult to see the strength of the liberal position. Throughout the entire tradition there has been a deep concern with human rights, with justice and equality, with a recognition of the need for change. Old ways have never been good enough. What is difficult for the liberal is to recognize that there have been weaknesses associated with his faith, that all too often people operating as groups cannot be depended upon to be disinterested, that only under specific conditions are they rational in their decisions. And most of all, the liberal has tended to forget that politics is always power politics and to ignore not merely the source of power but its effect. There were not many liberals who thought Hitler could be met with reason, but there have been many who thought that Stalin could be dealt with on a basis of reasonable compromise. They would have been wiser to have listened more carefully to the warning of Lord Acton.

To a liberal, the weaknesses within the conservative's position seem equally obvious. Conservatives forget that man can, under certain conditions, act rationally. There is the tendency for them to be contemptuous of what they call "the masses"; to ignore the fact that there is more than coercive power involved in politics, that men have been and will be moved by the power of ideas and ideals. In their concern with the immediate, they have tended to forget that without a vision the people perish, and all too often they have been complacent in the face of the denial of the rights of man, and smugly timid in the presence of injustice. To be sure, John Morley spoke as a liberal with

little respect for the Tory position, but there was truth in his criticism of the Conservative—

> . . . with his inexhaustible patience of abuses that only torment others; his apologetic words for beliefs that may not be so precisely true as one might wish, and institutions that are not altogether so useful as some might think possible; his cordiality towards progress and improvement in a general way, and his coldness or antipathy to each progressive proposal in particular; his pygmy hope that life will one day become somewhat better, punily shivering by the side of his gigantic conviction that it might well be infinitely worse.[4]

So much for the weakness of the conservative position, but its strength should be equally clear. Based on a recognition of the fact that men do not often act as wisely as the situations demand—that always groups are in conflict as they strive to further separate interests, they know that any effective democracy will be based upon an adequate dividing and balancing of strength. Such a philosophy must recognize the obvious fact that, as John Adams said, "power follows property" and that therefore if power is to be distributed, property must be more equitably held. Such an honest and consistent conservatism would be far more than a façade behind which are to be protected the property, privilege and power of a minority.

To one who thinks of himself as a liberal, the value of such a political philosophy committed to the preservation and extension of democracy and consistently and honestly devoted to the balancing of pressures through effective organization of all interest groups would seem to be obvious. It would certainly be a profoundly constructive force in American political history.

The reaction from the liberalism of recent years is obvious. In part it is due to the loss of confidence in human nature that has accompanied the spectacle of the past decade. In part it is a recognition of the fact that persuasion has seemed relatively impotent during these years, and that power could only be challenged by power. Whatever the reasons, the swing of the pendulum is carrying us away from the liberal faith. The danger is that this may not bring us a genuine conservative movement. Instead we may not only destroy the profound contributions of the liberal; we may mistake a decadent reactionism for a constructive conservatism. The radical and the reactionary should have little place in our society, but the liberal *and* the conservative we desperately need.

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[4]Quoted by Randall in *The Making of the Modern Mind*, Chapter 7.

A STORY

Reuben

By CHARLES ANGOFF

A CHANGE has come over Reuben lately. He is now talking more and more about Jewish affairs, and not with sarcasm, as he used to for so many years, but with warm nostalgia. I noticed this almost a year ago, and thought very little of it. But recently I have noticed it more and more in him, and remarked about it to my wife. She said she noticed it, too, and didn't quite understand the cause of it. I really don't understand it any more than she does. It may be that age has something to do with it. As people get older, they revert more and more to their roots, as many psychologists have said. Reuben has just had his fifty-fifth birthday, and I guess he is getting mellower in more ways than one. He is quite a collector of phonograph records, and for long he used to be very severe in his comments about this or that recording, about this or that phonograph magazine, but now he is inclined to be more tolerant about various recordings and various phonograph critics. I guess it all ties up somehow. The older I myself get the more am I puzzled by people, and the more am I inclined to take people as they are and not bother myself with trying to find out what makes them tick. Still, Reuben interests me, and I'd like to tell you about him.

He was one of the first friends I made in New York. Exactly how I met him is too long a story to tell here. Suffice it to say that I took to him at once. You know how such things are. You meet tens and hundreds of people. You are polite to them, and no more. They interest you, but somehow they do not sink deep into you. You don't mind seeing them, and you don't mind not seeing them. Well, with Reuben it was different. I sensed at once something deeply in common between us. Outwardly our interests were different. He was a lawyer, and I was a musician. Law not only made no sense to me: I looked

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upon all lawyers as enemies of the human race. I was—and am—a professional musician, and am inclined to sneer at mere musical enthusiasts, who swoon and sigh about this composer or that symphony or that conductor. That kind of slush (which is what we professional musicians call it) generally annoys us. Well, this is really funny, this is exactly the kind of musical enthusiast that Reuben was, yet somehow he didn't offend me.

As a matter of fact, I still don't know, after more than twenty-five years, what it was that attracted me to him. I mean I don't know precisely. I guess it was our more or less common background. His people were born in Eastern Poland, and so were mine. He came to this country as a young boy of ten, and so did I. His people were strictly orthodox, and so were mine. He went to Hebrew school till the age of thirteen, and so did I. After his *bar-mitzvah* he gave up entirely the observance of Jewish ritual, and so did I. He gloried in his teen-age agnosticism, and so, alas, did I. He was a *Nation-New Republic* liberal, and so was I. He was filled with stories about the strictness and "quaintness" of an orthodox Jewish home, and so was I. Anyway, I imagine these are some of the things that attracted us to each other.

I was alone in New York: I had come over here from Boston, and lived in a room in a boarding house. Reuben's people lived on the East Side, and he naturally invited me over for dinner a few times. Soon it developed that his father and my father had served in the Russian Army at the same time, and that, strangest of all, they had served in the same company together. My father remembered him very well. And that naturally brought Reuben and me even more closely together. I asked my father to come to New York to visit Reuben's father, to talk over old times, but he hemmed and hawed. "Eh," he said, "what is there to talk over? I have troubles and he has troubles. Maybe later, if I live that long." He never did come to New York.

Reuben took me along when he visited his friends, and in that way I came to know several nice people in town. Since neither of us was married, we naturally went after "dates." He happened to like the buxom type, while I was more drawn to the slim type. But I sensed that both of us were a little afraid of girls, and I had a hunch that it would be long before either of us married. After a while he began to go out with Christian girls, and soon he went out exclusively with them. I went out with both Christian and Jewish girls, and I confessed

that I felt a bit more at home with the Jewish ones. "I can tell them Jewish stories," I pleaded in my defense, "and they laugh and don't just stare the way the Christian girls do. And I can ask them to eat with me in a Jewish restaurant, and they don't come along just to see how cute a Jewish restaurant is. Besides, I feel more at ease when I call on them in their homes."

Reuben saw no sense in this kind of talk. "It is narrow-minded," he insisted. "Just plain narrow-minded. We Jews are clannish. We ought to mix more. Hell, telling Jewish stories is not all of life, and there are Christian stories, I mean, plain American stories that are just as funny as Jewish stories. No sense in sticking in a rut. A girl is a girl, whether she's Jewish or Christian or not. And I don't mind telling you that the Christian girls I know have better taste than any of the Jewish girls I have met, well, than most of them. More gentle, talk more softly, you know what I mean."

I didn't know what he meant, for at the time I was interested in a Jewish girl who spoke so softly I could barely hear her, and who apparently preferred to smile shyly than to offer an opinion on anything, including the weather. Despite my deep reluctance to get married just then, I was so fond of the girl that I seriously thought of proposing to her. But I guess I took too long. She married somebody else, and I was knocked for the proverbial loop because of that. Reuben was rather unfeeling about my despondency. "Eh, you're lucky," he said. "Jewish girls may be quiet, some of them, that is, before they're married, but after they're married they're all alike, they shout, they nag, they dress dirty, and they're just not ladies. A quiet Christian girl is always quiet, before and after marriage."

It wasn't long after my own unhappy contact with love that Reuben had a love problem on his own hands. He was deeply devoted to a Catholic girl—once or twice he said he was living with her, but I didn't believe that—and he spoke to her about marriage. She wanted to marry him, but on condition that they be married by a Catholic priest, and that he make a promise that if there were children he would not insist they be brought up as Jews. Reuben didn't like that. He said, "Not that it really matters who marries us, a priest, a rabbi, or anybody else, but why does she insist on a priest? Why not a justice of the peace? Besides, this business about the kids has got me worried. How the hell do I know she won't be asking me to send him or her to a

Catholic Sunday school? If she really was nonreligious the way I am and the way she insists she is, then she wouldn't be so hot for a priest marrying us, would she?"

Reuben and his girl broke up, apparently over the religious issue. He took it hard, but only for a short while. Soon he was interested in another Christian, an Episcopalian, and for some reason I couldn't understand he was very proud of her Episcopalianism. "What's it to you?" I asked him once. "Well," he answered, a bit condescendingly, "if any of the Christian sects makes sense, that one does. It's religious, yet it isn't. It's fancy, yet it isn't. It's not as superstitious as Catholicism, but it has just enough funny beliefs in it to make a religion, what I mean is, it's a religion that doesn't ask too much of you. Did you know that many American Presidents have been Episcopalians, even George Washington? Did you know that the British King is one, too, only over there they call them Church of England? That's what Mathilda tells me. And she has an uncle who's an Episcopal minister. He and I have talked about religion lots of times. Very broad-minded man. Knows the Talmud, too."

But I still couldn't make out why Reuben was so delighted that Mathilda was an Episcopalian, and not a Methodist or a Baptist or a Presbyterian. They were all alike to me, in that they believed in the divinity of Christ, and I was sure that Reuben didn't believe in that. "Hell, no," he said. "Of course, I don't believe that. But there's believing and believing. The Episcopalians do it in a nice way."

"Are they sort of like Reform Jews are compared to orthodox Jews?" I asked.

"I guess so," he said.

"But they're Christians, though, aren't they?" I asked.

"Sure," he said, and dropped the whole subject.

I didn't see him for some weeks after that. I had to go out of town with a band I got a job on. When we got together again, he told me that he and Mathilda were not seeing each other any more. I asked him why. "Oh, I guess girls are more religious than I thought," he said. "They talk about not believing, but they do. She took me to hear some carols one week recently, on a Sunday, you know, Easter carols. You know how I like church music. Grace Church she took me to. Nice place. Her uncle used to be a curate there, that's a kind of assistant minister or something like that. Anyway, before the carols, they have

a service. And suddenly I see Mathilda is kneeling down, during some kind of prayer. I said nothing, naturally, while we were there. But afterward I asked her why she did it. And she said it was habit, didn't mean anything. But I saw her mumble some kind of prayer while she did that. Anyway, I didn't like that. I felt funny all over seeing her doing that. And I told her so. And she said I wasn't broadminded, that she saw nothing wrong in her doing that, since she did it for years as a little girl. She said it didn't mean she believed all that religious stuff. Well, I didn't like it, and we argued and argued about it. And later she showed me a hymnal that she got when she was confirmed, and there was a cross on it, with her name inside in fancy lettering and some religious phrase, oh, you know, and I didn't like that either. What I wanted to know was why she was keeping that hymnal, but I didn't ask her that, of course. Anyway, one thing led to another, and soon we weren't seeing each other so often . . . just a walk or a movie . . . and then we didn't see each other any more at all. But she sure had me fooled for a long time."

Reuben now began going to a Unitarian Church. He asked me to come along a few times. After a while I told him frankly that I was bored at the Unitarian Church. "It's like I imagine an Odd Fellows lodge meeting is," I said. "All right and all that, but why should I suffer? Some of the music isn't bad, but I can hear far better music at Carnegie Hall or at the Juilliard School. And the sermon is terrible. Goodness is fine, and nobility is fine, but I don't need any minister to tell me that. And I don't need any minister to give me a review of Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy*. Besides, if I want a little religion, I can get it in a synagogue, and if I want some music to go with my religion I can get it in a nice conservative synagogue, or in Stephen Wise's Free Synagogue." At the time I was an ardent admirer of Rabbi Stephen Wise.

Apparently Reuben couldn't follow me at all. Worse, he seemed to be losing patience with me. "You're dumb even for a musician," he said. "Mencken has said that musicians have no more intelligence than Congressmen, women, or children, and I can see how right he is." Instead of being offended I asked Reuben who Mencken was. Mencken was his god at the moment, and Reuben looked at me. "You don't know who Mencken is! My God, man, don't you know what's going on in the cultural world?" I confessed that I didn't know who Mencken was.

"Well," said Reuben, "I can't stop now to educate you. I'll give you some of his books. Meanwhile, pick yourself up a copy of *The American Mercury*, and see what a magazine, a good magazine, I mean, should be. But about this Unitarian Church. I tell you it's a damn sight more than you say it is. And not so narrow-minded as even Stephen Wise's synagogue is. At least, in this church they are fair about Jesus. They see that He was a Big Man, and that some of the things He said were mighty fine. What's wrong in saying that?"

I realized that logically Reuben was right, but inwardly I felt that he was wrong, that he was being dishonest with himself. I didn't want to say this in so many words, because I didn't know enough to uphold my position with logical arguments. "I guess many of the things Jesus said were all right," I admitted. "But didn't the Jewish rabbis say them all before Jesus, and in some cases, maybe all cases, much better than He did? Didn't Jesus Himself admit that He was a Jew to the end? Besides, how can you blame Jews keeping mum about Him, when so many Jews were killed by people in His name?"

I sensed that Reuben was moved by my argument, but I also sensed his determination to keep on along his chosen path no matter where it led him, and I decided that it was best for me to keep quiet. Because of this widening rift between us, we began to see each other less and less. The few times I did see him I got the impression that he wasn't doing so well in his law practice. In fact, for a time he was no more than a clerk in a big law office and spent most of his time searching titles for the real estate department of his office. He didn't talk any more about the Unitarian Church. He was now going to the Community Church, and was a great admirer of the Rev. Dr. John Haynes Holmes. I had heard Dr. Holmes a couple of times myself and came to the conclusion that, while he was an impressive orator, he really didn't have very much to say. But I kept quiet; I had the feeling that it would be best not to argue with Reuben about Dr. Holmes, because he had other things on his mind.

It was about this time that we had our one and only serious spat, if it could be called a spat. Perhaps tension would be a better word. I was now a violinist in the orchestra of an important Broadway theatre, and in that capacity was occasionally in the homes of Broadway angels. I told Reuben about that, not to boast, but merely as conversation. One day he suggested that I drop some of his law cards at

the homes of some of these angels. "Might bring me some business," he said, "and it won't hurt you any."

I was a bit startled by this suggestion. It seemed so crude a way to go after business. I could have lied and said I would be glad to drop some of his cards at the angels' homes, but I still liked Reuben too much to do such a thing to him. "Well," I said, "don't you think such moneyed people already have their lawyers, who have handled their affairs for years and years, and to whom they feel obligated? Why should they start up with a new lawyer? I mean, suppose you were in their shoes, isn't that the way you would feel yourself?"

"Yes and no," he said. "Big businessmen are always looking for younger lawyers, just to keep the older ones on their toes. And, even if they keep their old lawyers, there are always small cases that they could drop my way. Anyway, what have you to lose?"

"I have nothing to lose," I said, "It's not that, but it's something else. It seems so funny a way to do things."

"Well, you don't have to do it," snapped Reuben. "It was only a suggestion."

He avoided me for several weeks afterward. But in time we began to see each other again, though it was clear to both of us that something had gone out of our friendship. We were both sorry, of that I'm sure. We were both old enough to know that as one grows older new friendships are more and more difficult to make, and breaking up a friendship of many years' duration—or watching it cool off—is a very sad experience. But neither of us knew exactly what to do about it. Especially since I noticed that he was now reluctant to discuss Jewish affairs with me, even to tell Jewish stories. He used to tell Jewish stories with great skill, but now he acted as if he hardly ever had heard one. As for myself, if anything, I was getting closer to Jewish life. I found myself going more often to Dr. Stephen Wise's Sunday services, and I also went occasionally to meetings in behalf of this or that drive for some Jewish undertaking in this country or abroad.

Soon something else came between us. Reuben was beginning to talk Communism more and more. I looked upon Communism as but another form of tyranny. This brought from Reuben the remark that I was "a capitalist lackey, a social fascist." At first I laughed at this name-calling, but soon I noticed that Reuben was in dead earnest, that he really thought I was a capitalist lackey. This being the case, we

drifted apart more and more, and there were stretches of many months when we didn't see each other at all. He sent me a card from Rhode Island, where he generally took his vacation, and I sent him a card from the Adirondacks, where I generally took my vacation. Suddenly—after we had not seen each other for almost two years—he called me up and introduced me to a girl, Francine. It was clear that, as the saying goes, there was something between them. And it was also clear to me that she was a more ardent Communist than he was, and an idiot besides. She spent all the two, three hours we were together arguing with me, and bitterly, about my "vicious capitalistic" ideas, and Reuben only smiled. I thought this was no way for her to behave to me, whom she had never met before, and I was amazed at Reuben's bad manners in not changing the conversation. I made up my mind to keep clear of both of them as long as possible.

Unfortunately, I couldn't do so, for less than a month later he called up and told me that he had married Francine and I must visit them soon. Of course, I visited them and brought along a present. They were living in a one-room apartment, with a kitchenette so small a person had to enter it almost sideways. I was sorry for Reuben and Francine; Francine, of course, worked; she was a secretary in some leather shop. But before the evening had ended my sorrow changed to anger. Francine had insulted me innumerable times by calling me a "lunkhead and a capitalist lickspittle," and Reuben had told me to "get some sense and stop being a dope." Those were the days of Henry Wallace and the Progressive Party. I thought that Wallace was a fool, the tool of the Communists, and I said so. "That is exactly what the capitalists want people like you to think," said Francine. Francine had also learned from Reuben that I read Jewish books occasionally and that I liked to go to Jewish shows once in a while, liked to tell and hear Jewish stories. "This I don't understand at all," she said. "An intelligent man like you being so parochial, so narrow-minded." By this time I was so furious with her and with Reuben, who obviously agreed with everything that his wife was saying, that I kept silent. "Maybe I am a dope," I finally did say, "but that's how I think and how I am."

Wallace and his Progressive Party were snowed under, but Reuben and I didn't communicate about the event. I didn't care to gloat over it—I had predicted that Wallace would get less than 2,000,000 votes,

at which Reuben and Francine sneered at me—and apparently Reuben and Francine were too depressed by the less than a million and a quarter votes that their hero had got to get in touch with me. I was glad and hoped that slowly Reuben and I would cease seeing each other altogether. Even when I got married myself I didn't let him know. Of course, I told my wife about him and Francine. She begged me to save her from seeing such people. "I have had my fill of them," she said. "Let's stick to normal people, darling." I agreed entirely.

But we were not at peace long. About a year after my marriage Reuben called me and asked whether he could come up. Of course, I said yes. He did not bring Francine along, which both pleased and puzzled me. Naturally, I asked about her. "Oh," he said, "she's gone to church."

"Church?" I exclaimed.

He laughed. "A cell meeting of the Holy Communist Party. Don't get me wrong. I think she's too fanatical about it. I'm not. But neither do I think you are right. But to hell with that. Let's talk about other things. I get plenty of politics in my own house. Drives me crazy."

We talked about old friends who had somehow disappeared, and about books and music. After he left, my wife said, "He's holding something back."

I asked what it was he was holding back. "I don't know," she said, "but I'm positive he's hiding something . . . well, not exactly hiding, but . . . anyway . . ."

"He and Francine had a fight?" I asked.

"Not yet, maybe never," my wife said.

Well, in a couple of weeks Francine asked both of us over to their house. At once I noticed that Reuben had quieted down considerably about Communism, and that Francine was doing all the haranguing. I had promised my wife I wouldn't argue with Francine, but I did, at least at the beginning of the evening, and when I got some sense into me later it seemed awkward for me to stop arguing, so I continued, though I really didn't want to. Reuben tried to change the subject, but Francine wouldn't let him. "What could be more important than what we're talking about?" Francine asked Reuben, who didn't seem to have any answer to that question, though I could think of a thousand more important things to talk about, but I didn't have the courage to mention a single one.

Shortly afterward they visited us, and I got the feeling that Reuben was getting to be his old self again—the one I knew when I first met him—and that he was hankering to discuss, or just talk about, purely nonpolitical things. Suddenly, out of the proverbial blue sky, he said, "You know, folks, if I should ever get religious, and go back to the fold, I'd be a strictly orthodox Jew, yes, sir, an East Side Jew with all the trimmings." I looked at him. I wondered what had come over him. I was afraid Francine would leap at him, but she ignored him completely, and talked on about the "prison" that, in her opinion, the United States was. My wife was by now so annoyed with Francine that she said, "Oh, Francine, stop that nonsense. This is the freest country in the world. You must be thinking of your beloved Russia." Francine was not at all offended. Reuben didn't care that my wife had been rude. I began to suspect that he himself was pretty fed up.

Later that night, after they left, I said so to my wife. She thought I was too hasty. "Oh, no, darling," she said. "Francine has him by the neck. He is wishy-washy, and he needs a firm woman. It's his hard luck that he fell into the clutches of a female Communist than whom there is nothing worse in this world, but it could have been a violent vegetarian just as well, or a violent anarchist or a violent anything. He's fed up with her, but if there's any leaving, it's she who will leave him, though I don't think she will; nobody else will have a shrew like that."

Reuben and I have become more friendly during the past year. I feel like seeing him more now than for years before, but I have a problem. My wife, who is otherwise an intelligent and understanding woman, refuses to go to his house, simply because she can't stand Francine. Reuben apparently has sensed this, and so he generally comes over alone. Francine is "at church" most of her time anyway. As a matter of fact, Reuben is now at our house so often that he is almost like a boarder. Fortunately my wife likes him as much as I do, and the three of us have wonderful times. My wife is simply wild about Reuben's Jewish stories, and particularly about his stories concerning his father and mother, both of whom were very pious. What caused Reuben, so to speak, to come back to the fold I don't know. I'm glad he has come back. But I am also filled with sadness that he wasted so much of his life being untrue to himself. But, then, I suppose we all waste our lives one way or another. I'm afraid to look at my own case.

Two-Thirds of the World

By DOUGLAS F. DOWD

THE SPECTACULAR UPSURGE OF INTEREST in underdeveloped areas, although belated, is a welcome recognition of the importance which should be attached to an impoverished and disturbed two-thirds of the world. It has now become popular to advocate steps to aid in the economic and social development of these areas, with the expressed aim of alleviating widespread poverty and unrest, and of utilizing more fully the resources of these areas. Although one would not wish to quarrel with the aim thus expressed, there remains good reason to differ with the basic assumption underlying most proposals for developing these areas—the assumption that such development can at once be beneficial to all concerned and take place within an institutional framework basically the same as that which now exists. What is required to bring about the economic development of the underdeveloped areas is nothing less than a comprehensive social transformation, and a substantial modification of their place in the world economy. Isolated attacks on specific scarcities (though such scarcities must be removed, of course), where they do not represent a naïve approach to the problem, may well lend themselves to a perpetuation of colonial relationships.

This contention will be supported by an examination of the modern history of these areas, and of their prevailing economic, political, and social characteristics. In the following desperately synoptic treatment, I shall highlight the character and importance of institutional relationships in the underdeveloped world, suggest the nature

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of the foundation which must be laid for beneficial economic development, and point toward some implications for the industrialized world.

The underdeveloped areas comprise most of the land surface of the world, and contain most of its people. They differ widely with respect to resources, climate, and terrain, and in cultural heritage. However, if our concern is with the problem of economic development, we may discern similar clusters of relevant institutions through the entire underdeveloped world. On specific points, important differences between any two areas (or within one area) may be found. But, so far as the general nature of the problem is concerned, similarities far outweigh differences.

I

Conditions in the underdeveloped areas, and proposals for their future development, cannot sensibly be appraised without some understanding of the impact of Western (i.e., European and American) penetration upon them.

This process began with the mercantilist adventurers and trading companies around the beginning of the sixteenth century. It recurred in a new wave with the imperialist ventures of the nineteenth century. The expansion did not always stem from the same motivations, it affected different areas in different fashions and at different times, and its effect changed through the years. Nonetheless, we can make several generalizations about its results.

Of prime importance economically was the fact that previously isolated communities were drawn into the world economy. This entailed the gradual breakdown of the former village economy—subsistence agriculture and handicrafts—and the introduction of a money economy. The peasant was pushed into commercialized agriculture, the role which his handicrafts had played seriously deteriorated, and he was crushed by debt. A rural proletariat—wage laborers and tenants—was created, and the economies of these areas became dependent, i.e., subordinate to the needs of the Western powers.

It may not have been the intention of the Western nations to bring about such sweeping changes. But it was inevitable that the intrusion of the plantation economy, of intensive mineral exploitation, and of Western manufactures and capital would bring forth a whole new set of social relationships.

The new society generally meant a net decline in the peasant's already unfortunate position. His level of material comfort had always been low according to Western standards. He had often lived in an oppressive social environment. But it had been a world which, if not of his own making, was at least of his own people. Now he had become a pawn in the world economy, pushed and hauled by movements of world prices, and by a correspondingly worsened economic position in his own locale. What had been good in his old world diminished, while at the same time he became subject to buffets from distant lands.

The political and social consequences of the process of Western expansion were not less important than those of an economic nature. The increasing scope and complexity of the relationships between the metropolitan and dependent areas ultimately developed into a political as well as economic domination. Though he had perhaps been ruled autocratically or even cruelly since time began, the native was now subject to foreign rulers, who scorned not only his welfare but frequently his culture and the color of his skin.

Ironically, even otherwise laudable steps taken by the intruding powers had unfortunate consequences. Their economic needs for orderly and continuous trading and production often led them in time to introduce minimal health and sanitary measures. These in turn reduced mortality rates without altering birth rates, and in many areas a dangerous population problem developed.

The vigor of Western technology, and its accompanying military power, led to the disintegration of what had often been a high level of culture and social unity. Security was replaced by insecurity; dignity by degradation; a low level of wants by poverty; autonomy by dependence. This is not to romanticize the largely hidden past; rather, it is to speak in relative terms, and to emphasize that whatever colonialism has meant to the West, it has meant social disintegration to the now dependent societies and has furnished the ingredients for a powerful, unstable ferment throughout the world.

The modern result of Western political domination and economic exploitation in the underdeveloped world has been political unrest, a drive toward nationalism, and the "urge to industrialize." This is not a new phenomenon; it has now become significant because it can no

longer be denied. In the postwar world the drive has become stronger, and the power of the West to resist weaker.

This has been the impact of Western penetration on the underdeveloped world. The symmetrical conclusion does not follow that the removal of Western domination—as necessary as that may be—would by itself reverse these trends or significantly ameliorate prevailing conditions. The continuing deplorable conditions in those underdeveloped countries which have achieved "political independence" alone (e.g., in Latin America) serves as testimony to this point. Existing distributions of power and wealth among indigenous groups, and the associated social framework, remain as significant obstacles to economic and social development.

II

A review of the salient characteristics of the underdeveloped areas takes on the quality of a melancholy catalogue of obstacles to economic and social development. It is, nevertheless, the realistic basis for understanding their problems.

Their economies are geared predominantly to primary production. Their people, except for a privileged few, live in grinding poverty—the outcome of a circular chain of relationships, intimately interrelated and feeding upon each other.

A key link in this chain is the typically small-sized holding (tropical Africa is an important exception) worked by the peasant—a holding so small that the peasant is less a farmer than a gardener. In the villages of South China, for example, peasant families are classified as "poor," "middle," and "rich," who possess three-fourths of an acre, just over an acre, and just under two and one-half acres, respectively. Fragmentary holdings and large families, with primitive and wasteful farming techniques, furnish a grim example of the meaning of the law of diminishing returns.

The peasant's low level of output typically runs behind his consumption needs, adding the heavy link of permanent indebtedness to the chain around his neck. Whether he be a small independent cultivator, tenant, sharecropper, or landless laborer, his perpetual need for money—for taxes, rent, interest, consumer goods, ceremonial and religious expenses, fodder—drives the peasant ever deeper into the hands of the moneylender. The greater his need for money, the more likely

that interest rates will rise, that his market produce will sell for less, that his rents and forced services will increase. Furthermore, because he incurs debt for current needs rather than for investment, the peasant is not provided with a lever to escape his indebtedness. In the best of circumstances, he is precariously independent; more commonly he falls into peonage.

These circumstances, combined with insecurity of tenure, do not encourage or allow the peasant to adopt improvements which constitute economic development in agriculture. He cannot afford to experiment nor does he have the incentive. It is of little value to him to increase his productivity if it is the moneylender, the landlord, or the tax collector, among others, who will reap the benefit.

The peasant is, on the whole, a subsistence producer; still, he markets an increasingly large portion of his crops over time. He has been drawn ineluctably into the market economy, not by a desire for profit, but by his permanent need for money. He receives little for his pains. If a tenant, he loses close to half his crop to the landowner. If in debt, as he always is, the moneylender (often the landowner, again) may seize an arbitrarily-valued portion of his crop at harvest time. The peasant takes what is left to market. He goes at the earliest possible moment—harvest time—for he needs money, and he lacks storage facilities. Lack of adequate transportation allows him to go only to the nearest market. He there sells as one of a large group of similarly-stricken peasants, and he sells to a small group of collusively organized buyers (if not to one buyer alone). His selling price is with rare exceptions the lowest price of the year.

The price he receives is established on the world market, thereafter to be scaled down to him through innumerable middlemen's transactions (as high as fifty, in India). The peasant receives the residue—out of which he must pay taxes. The final turn of the screw comes when, assuming the peasant has grown a food crop, he is forced to buy back a quantity of that food for his own consumption later in the year—at a substantially higher price.

The weak position of the peasant in his immediate surroundings is shared by his country in the world economy. It is a one-sided, non-diversified economy, specializing in primary production (food and raw materials). Its structure of production is generally divided between a large subsistence element, and a smaller, frequently foreign-con-

trolled set of productive facilities specializing in primary production for export. These two sectors intermingle to the extent that a "surplus" of food (e.g., rice in Burma) enters into the export trade. On the fringes of both sectors is commonly found an excessively large group of petty traders ("small business"), whose activities are more a measure of disguised unemployment than of productive effort. Complementing export production is the appropriate amount of relatively large-scale activity in commerce and finance.

The performance of such an economy does little to enhance the material welfare of its people, precludes any significant steps toward economic development, and renders the society weak economically, politically, and militarily. This is so for a variety of connected reasons. 1) Because it is selling its primary goods largely to the industrialized sector of the world, the underdeveloped country is subject to the periodic cyclical fluctuations originating there. 2) As a primary producer, it is selling goods the demand for which is typically inelastic—geared to the demand for food or raw materials to supply manufacturing. Although inelasticity can benefit the primary producing countries in inflationary periods, they are harder hit than the industrialized nations in depressed periods. Since they are importers of manufactured goods, there is for them a periodic cyclical deterioration in the terms of trade, for the prices of manufactured goods do not fall in the same proportion as those of the extractive industries. And their recovery must depend upon actions taken elsewhere. 3) The native worker in these industries—whether a laborer on a plantation or a worker in the mines—is severely jeopardized by the sensitivity of his industry to international business fluctuations. Because of the generally abundant supply of labor, he cannot expect his wages to rise above subsistence levels in periods of high prices, but a fall in world prices leads to disastrous wage cuts, and in addition threatens him with loss of work. He shares little in prosperity, but he carries the full burden of depression. 4) In addition to cyclical deterioration, the long-term trend in the price relations between primary commodities and manufactured goods has, since the last quarter of the nineteenth century, turned against the primary producers. A recent United Nations study reports that on the average, a given quantity of primary exports in 1939 would pay for only sixty per cent of the quantity of manufactured goods which it could buy in the late nineteenth century. Such a falling

trend *can* be accompanied by rising standards of living for the affected country. This will be true where prices fall because of increased productivity and where markets expand more than proportionately—such was the case in England in the nineteenth century. But, where demand is relatively inelastic, and the economy one-sided, a fall in the terms of trade amounts to a deterioration of national purchasing power.

In the postwar context of inflation it has frequently been argued that the very reliance of the underdeveloped countries on the export of primary commodities is to their advantage. Apart from the fact that this inflationary pressure on primary goods has been disappearing for the last year (recessions in cotton, rubber, copper and other prices are continuing), it generally is not true that worldwide pressure on primary goods, leading to inflated prices, has a beneficial impact on the prospects for economic development. Several factors combine to mitigate the possible benefits of the situation. 1) Much—perhaps most—of the benefits from inflated prices goes either to foreign owners or a tiny minority of the indigenous population—neither group seriously interested either in economic development or the welfare of the affected peoples. 2) The upward trend in the terms of trade since 1939 has been in the context of war and large-scale military production, and the goods needed for development (principally capital equipment) have been difficult or impossible to purchase. 3) The "good times" of inflated prices reduce the desire to industrialize, by allowing easy gains to be made in speculative trade and the like, and by ameliorating some of the more severe problems of these countries.

One-sidedness has its further consequences in the clear dangers of putting all of one's economic eggs in one basket. A change in technology abroad (e.g., synthetic rubber), a change in the investment plans of the one or two major (often foreign) export firms, new trade barriers, a crop failure—any or all of these are omnipresent threats to the economic welfare of the nondiversified economy. Such an economy lacks the ability to adapt; it cannot roll with the punch. What would be a relatively minor shock to a diversified economy can mean disaster to the underdeveloped country.

There are, finally, "noneconomic" consequences of one-sidedness. A nonindustrialized nation is a weak nation—weak in its ability to defend itself militarily and in its ability to resist unfavorable trade agreements or other commercial policies originating in the metropoli-

tan areas. Because it is economically inferior, it is politically and militarily inferior. Where it is not in the status of a colony, it is likely to be a pawn in some more powerful nation's game.

Additional institutional features of strategic importance acting as obstacles to economic development are to be found in the structural characteristics of the underdeveloped country. Wherever we look into the structure of ownership and control—of land, industry, commerce, or finance—we find concentration.

Land ownership, the basis of wealth and power, is with relatively few exceptions heavily concentrated. In Egypt, for example, in 1947, less than half of one per cent of landowners (11,000 out of 2,662,000) owned close to thirty-seven per cent of the land; less than six per cent owned over sixty-six per cent. In contrast, three-quarters of the landowners possessed one acre or less, and their aggregate holdings amounted to slightly over thirteen per cent of the total. In Chile, in 1937, less than one-third of one per cent of all landowners held over half of the land; over forty-three per cent of landowners held only one-half of one per cent of the land. In India, two-thirds of all the cultivated land is owned by fewer than a million large landowners; over a hundred million small cultivators hold less than one-quarter of the land. Where exceptions to this pattern are found, the pressure of population on the land generally plays the same oppressive role as that of concentrated land ownership elsewhere. And in some areas these two scourges are combined (e.g., in India).

In many instances the large landholdings are foreign-owned, and devoted to the production of exports (sugar, rubber, cotton). The foreigner has generally interested himself in the ownership of land where it is utilized for export crops or for the exploitation of mineral resources. More commonly, the large landowner is himself a native of the underdeveloped country (in Southeast Asia he will often be not a Westerner, but a Chinese or Indian). Although his activities may extend into the plantation-type economy, he is more likely to resemble the feudal baron of medieval Europe. The resemblance is not complete, however. The recognition of mutual rights and responsibilities which often characterized manorial relationships in Western Europe is generally absent, on the one hand, and the economic activities of the landlord are more extensive in the modern underdeveloped country, on the other. Frequently he is at once landowner, moneylender,

and merchant. The activities are complementary in nature, each reinforcing the power and strategic position of its possessor in the other fields.

In the "business" world in the underdeveloped country, we are confronted with an interlinked, noncompetitive pattern of business enterprise; a veritable spider web of economic controls. J. S. Furnivall, an authority on colonial areas, points out that in such areas

> big business reaches out towards a comprehensive monopoly. In Burma we have noted that the more important business houses do not concentrate on trade only but are importers, exporters, millers, estate and ship owners at the same time, and may have considerable interests outside Burma. Similarly, a few firms, closely interlinked, have dominated the economic life of Netherlands India. The United Africa Company is a signal illustration of the same tendency in Africa.[1]

Typically the number of firms (outside petty trade and production) is small and organized on a large scale. Each firm readily merges into a community of interests with its like members in other fields of endeavor. In such an environment, as has been remarked concerning India, "private enterprise is far from free enterprise." This structure of ownership and control, dominated as it is by a native ruling clique and a handful of foreigners, stands as an imposing obstacle to economic development. Where, with relative absence of risk, high returns can be made with ease from real estate, moneylending, speculative trade, and the like, it is hardly to be expected that the greater risks and slower returns of industrial investment will be undertaken.

Out of such concentration of ownership comes a highly unequal *distribution* of income, while the *level* of national income is held down by the economic situation of the peasant producer and the position of his country in the world economy. Although precise national income statistics for the underdeveloped areas are notoriously meagre, the general quality of their income situation is clear. These are, in the fullest sense of the term, poor countries. They are poor in the sense that per capita real income is relatively much lower than that of the industrialized nations. They are poor in the sense that income is not sufficient in absolute terms to sustain health, working efficiency, or a "normal" span of years.

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[1] *Colonial Policy and Practice*, p. 479.

The net national income of the United States in 1949 was around $216 billion, for a population of roughly 150 million—over $1400 per capita. After making all conceivable adjustments for purposes of realistic comparison, one is struck, if not shocked, by the vast difference in per capita income between ourselves and the underdeveloped countries. In Asia in that same year, India, with a population more than twice as large as our own, had a recorded national income of less than one-tenth of ours—$57 per capita. Indonesia, with 72 million people, had a national income of slightly over $2 billion—$30 per capita. The Philippine Islands had a national income of $850 million for a population of close to 20 million—$44 per capita.[2] This national poverty was increased by the drain to foreign investors.

Moreover, in parts of Southeast Asia (at least) the trend in per capita income has been down since the war, and the gap between the very wealthy and the very poor (there is no appreciable middle class) has widened in the inflation of the postwar years. If we add to this general picture the reminder that a greatly disproportionate share of the national income goes to a tiny privileged group, the per capita income of the underlying population falls below its already grossly low figure.

The low level of national income precludes the possibility of any substantial margin of savings, and thus of investment (except through foreign gifts or loans—the latter currently at near prohibitive rates). Subsistence needs in such an atmosphere act as a sponge. We might expect the distribution of income, deplorable though it may be on egalitarian grounds, to allow large savings in the privileged group, and a proportionate amount of real investment. Savings *do* take place, but find their way into land, hoards, speculation, and other nonproductive ventures. And a good deal of these high incomes waste away into conspicuous consumption.

Over and above the attractions to available capital in the underdeveloped country held out by nonindustrial investment, positive deterrents for the potential industrial investor exist because of the absence of 1) wide markets for the goods which would flow from industrial production, 2) the principal sources of "external economies"—flowing from developed transportation, communications, power, marketing,

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[2]United Nations, *Economic Survey of Asia and the Far East, 1950*, p. 112.

and financial systems, and 3) the bases for an efficient labor force—health services, adequate training and educational systems, and reasonable living facilities. These deficiencies exist because the areas *are* underdeveloped, and, taken together with the numerous other points mentioned above and below, they combine to *keep* an area underdeveloped. So far as markets and external economies are concerned, the private investor is either unable or disinclined to take the steps which might remedy the situation. So far as the condition of the labor force is concerned, this is in part a product of the low level of development, in part a product of the poverty of the people, and in part a consequence of the social irresponsibility characterizing government in these areas.

Poverty, poor health, inadequate shelter, low productivity, illiteracy, and a short life expectancy (in India, average life expectancy is 27 years) all go together. Poverty and overcrowding, combined, are a potent force making for malnutrition and disease, and increased susceptibility to further disease, sapping vitality and ultimately life. Low productivity and short life expectancies together yield further unfortunate consequences: because close to half the new born children will die before they reach, say, fifteen, "a substantial share of the low national income is used for children who never attain the productive years of adulthood. Correspondingly, the average working life of those who do attain the productive ages is curtailed by high death rates."[3]

The native of the underdeveloped country is often thought of as ignorant, lazy, and as a ne'er-do-well. He is illiterate, but not stupid; his ignorance stems from his poverty and his need to concentrate his time and energy on staying alive. He is not lazy; he is ill. He is not a ne'er-do-well; he has been demoralized by an oppressive social environment. Unless and until social conditions are markedly improved, the labor force in the underdeveloped countries will remain sadly ill-equipped for the tasks of economic development in skills, morale, and energy.

Associated as a partial cause and result of the whole string of conditions outlined above is another major source of concern: the problem of population. In parts of Asia, the Caribbean, and the Middle East, the threat of overpopulation has become a reality. Less well-

[3]U.S. Department of State, *Point Four*, p. 105.

recognized is the nature of this problem as it affects large sections of the entire underdeveloped world—most of Asia and the Far East, the Middle East, Central Africa, the Caribbean Islands, Central America, and northern and western South America. These are classified by the demographer as "unstable societies"—lands whose populations are poised between decimation should there be a reduction of available subsistence, on the one hand, or tremendous growth brought about by lowering the mortality rate (achieved relatively easily through epidemic control, slightly improved agricultural techniques, and so on) without a concomitant lowering of the birth rate (quite difficult to achieve).

Clearly, this constitutes a thorny obstacle to economic development. Overpopulation leads to an undue, though understandable, emphasis on subsistence, rather than investment. In nations where the margin of surplus is slender the basis for capital formation is thus lacking. Particularly today, the political pressures playing upon the governments of these areas lead to a strong emphasis on subsistence (as well as upon economic development). The existence of this problem in itself sets the requirement for rapid and comprehensive development, if development is to yield a net gain. Piece-meal improvements (a new dam, refinery, or mill, exchange controls, technical assistance, and the like) in such a setting are not likely to lead to a growth in national income which will outstrip the growth of population.

Finally, what of the governments of these countries? The nature of government and of the political atmosphere in the underdeveloped world is conducive to the development of unrest, but not of the economy. Frequently, it means corruption and petty graft, despotism and misrule. Since the war, certain countries (e.g., India and Burma) have won political independence; in others, already established national governments have begun to take notice, more often on paper than in practice, of the needs of their people. Still dominating the picture, however, are governments composed of a ruling oligarchy of native landowners, financiers, and merchants, often kept or controlled by outside interests.

The taxing power is used regressively and heavily, as might be expected where those who would be hit hardest by a progressive tax structure are those who legislate. Governments are unstable, often

requiring the alert support of the military for maintenance. Instability and fiscal confusion are enhanced by the wide fluctuations in revenue attendant upon fluctuations in prices and volume of exports. Schooled in irresponsibility by their past or present colonial masters, these governments are at best sluggish in their response to social problems.

What was set in motion over three centuries ago by the expanding Western powers now gives every appearance of being out of control. Varying from restlessness in tropical Africa to revolt in Asia, the current political atmosphere in the underdeveloped world is one of tension, uncertainty, and eager striving. In some cases the peasantry pushes against its native rulers; in colonial areas agrarian unrest combines with nationalism to reach feverish heights. Whatever the sources of these movements, the goal is a higher level of social welfare, and the path to economic and political strength is that of industrialization.

It is now appropriate to ask what is entailed—for the countries themselves, and for the industrialized world—if this path is to be travelled successfully.

III

Economic development, quite narrowly construed, is a process comprising capital formation, increased productivity, and a more nearly optimum utilization of resources, and its yield is (over and above important political and social changes) a higher level of material welfare. Such a process, sounding like simplicity itself to contemporary Western ears, does not begin easily. An adequate resource base is required, but, more importantly, the appropriate social framework must first exist, or be created.

In the past, economic development has begun in either of two general types of social environment: 1) within a regime of economic liberalism—entailing a more or less competitive economy and a permissive government (and one generous with subsidies and the like when needed); or, 2) where there has been a considerable amount of centralized government direction and control. England and the United States are examples of the former, and Japan and the Soviet Union of the latter type.

The comparative importance of resource availability and social institutions becomes clear when we compare two areas such as North

and Latin America. North America is more abundantly endowed with resources than Latin America (so far as we know), but the difference in that respect is a small fraction of the vast difference in real income between the two areas. Indeed, we may look to our own backyard—the American South—for a confirmation of this point.

The crucial role of institutional arrangements for economic development may be discovered in the histories of already industrialized areas. There it may be seen that although reasonably good to excellent resource bases existed, the industrialization process did not get under way until a significant wrench away from the old order of things had been accomplished. Flexibility of institutional arrangements was enhanced, as were resources, by the possibilities of geographic (and commercial) expansion during the process. The general lack of these same opportunities for the countries now trying to develop would seem to strengthen an argument for the need deliberately to structure the institutions of these countries to the needs of economic development, if such development is to take place. As the generosity of nature, time, and place declines, intelligence and design must intrude. The leading characteristics of the underdeveloped countries indicate that the degree to which institutional restructuring is necessary, if they are to develop, is formidable.

The situation of the peasant (and thus, to a large degree, the economy) can be relieved only by a sweeping program of agricultural improvements and agrarian reorganization. Land reform, though a necessary ingredient of any successful program in these areas, is not the panacea which it is popularly conceived to be. Mexican (in the '30's) and Japanese (in the postwar years) land reforms indicate that land reform unaccompanied by a whole set of other changes is likely to be an illusory and purely temporary device, which, though it will reduce fever will not cure the disease. Marketing, credit, storage, transportation facilities, agricultural extension services, irrigation, medical care—all these, *plus* land reform, *and more* are required before the peasant can lift himself from his precarious and unproductive condition, and thereby contribute to economic development. These requirements in turn set up the need for diversification and industrialization of the economy—a need intensified where a population problem exists, if there are to be productive outlets for surplus people.

These changes do not have to be, nor could they be, put into effect

simultaneously or in their final form. But decisive steps in that direction must be taken, and the people must believe that they will continue. Government is the only agency capable of initiating and directing such a program. This in turn requires that the governments of these areas turn their eyes from the past to the future, and become more responsive to the needs of the people as a whole than to their own interests. Those governments which persist in clinging to the past will certainly not bring the conditions for economic development to their nations, and may, where popular movements are strong, be swept away.

Successful development programs will require honest and efficient government administration, carefully worked out plans, resource surveys, decisions as to the relative importance of the public and private sectors of the economy, improved national income investigations, and a host of other technical, legal, and economic changes. These matters are individually of sufficient importance that their handling may make or break a country's program. The point is that the achievement of each segment of the program to a large extent depends upon the corresponding achievement of the others. Separately conceived and executed improvements will do little to better the over-all situation, and may even worsen it. Sweeping institutional changes are required; in many countries the magnitude of such change is tantamount to social revolution.

IV

The underdeveloped areas are faced with the Herculean task of cleaning out their institutional stables. How well, perhaps whether, they can accomplish this task, depends to a great extent upon the cooperation and aid they receive from the industrialized world. If net gains are to be made from development, these countries will generally require external financing for their programs, at low costs or in the form of grants-in-aid. The old patterns of world trade and production must be modified, and commercial policies presently working to the disadvantage of the underdeveloped world must be re-evaluated. The world economy must become geared anew to expansion, and steps be taken to mitigate the periodic cyclical explosions emanating from the metropolitan centers.

This is to say that the industrialized world must practice gen-

erosity, reform, and self-restraint to a degree which is historically unprecedented. In effect, present and potential economic and/or political dependencies must be treated as partners in the world economy, rather than as vassals. In the long run, this might constitute the enlightened and only genuinely profitable relationship with the now underdeveloped world. But policies are framed and executed in the short run, where practical pressures, the hold of the past, and the exigencies of the international situation would seem more likely to hold back than to encourage the imaginative steps required.

In either case, *some* kind of development will take place in the underdeveloped world, in the future as it has in the past. The exploitation associated with the traditional approach, particularly today, will require the continuation and extension of unsavory political alliances and of repression, and will heighten the possibility of war. If we wish to avoid these unpleasant possibilities, we must be willing to pay the appropriate price in terms of institutional change.

Books - - - -

JOYCE CARY'S TROUBLESOME AFRICANS

Joyce Cary's African novels, based on his seven years' experience as a political officer in Nigeria, deserve to be better known. *Aissa Saved* (1932), *An American Visitor* (1933), *The African Witch* (1936), and *Mister Johnson* (1947) are crowded with the same sort of spirited, forward characters as those that please us so much in his English novels. Like Sally Monday, Gulley Jimson, Dick Bonser, and Lucy Wilcher in *The Horse's Mouth*, *To Be a Pilgrim*, and *Herself Surprised*, such delightful Nigerians as Lisbet Aladai, a witch who organizes a "woman's war," and Mister Johnson, a peculating government clerk, road-builder, and bard of gin parties, seem to appeal to some subterranean wish in ourselves to be less sober-sided and humdrum.

But more important, these African novels are tragicomedies on the civilizing mission; they show imperialism at an impasse in Nigeria. Cary's political officers are often bemused, bewildered, and discouraged. And no wonder, for the Nigerians are out of hand. Whether cheerful and well-disposed or truculent and subversive, they are marplots and mischief-makers, as childish and headstrong a "fluttered folk" as ever made the "white man's burden" heavy and wearisome.

The reader unfamiliar with African affairs may wonder if Cary gives us a trustworthy account of conditions in this important dependency of Britain's Third Empire. Perhaps he may doubt that Africans are as troublesome and feckless as these novels suggest. Fortunately, it is possible to check this characterization with the findings of anthropological studies and other authentic nonfiction sources. And we must try very hard not to be stiff-necked in our liberalism, not to decide prematurely, before we have considered the nonfiction documentation, that Cary's Africans are extravagant caricatures.

It must be admitted that Cary gives us the impression that Nigerians are deplorably superstitious. The district officer in *An American Visitor* halts a murderous attack on himself by simply bellowing at his assailant. That bellowing makes the African pause and reconsider. "What would happen if he [the district officer] were killed? What would his spirit do? How could it be laid?" When this resourceful officer is hard-pressed in hostile territory, he escapes through a "bottomless" lake guarded

by sacred crocodiles; the lake is actually only waist-deep at the deepest, and the crocodiles are decent enough to mind their own business.

Childishly inept in adopting those elements of white civilization that appeal to them, Cary's Nigerians sometimes think that if they possess white men's things they possess white men's powers. Akande Tom in *The African Witch* may be only a witch's errand boy, but he is as proud as Punch. Decked out in a white linen suit two sizes too small for him, a check cloth cap, black sun goggles, and red morocco slippers, he struts around in a manner that suggests that he knows he is really Somebody. He has convinced himself that because he is dressed like a white man he has "become one with the white man's ju-ju," that he participates in the "power of his engines and guns, the magic of telegraphs, gramophones, motors, ships, and his mysterious being."

In *Aissa Saved* His Majesty's loyal Nigerian subjects are eager to buy "King's paper" fished out of the waste baskets in the district office. Bearing the royal arms, this official waste paper has "power as medicine." The title character of *Mister Johnson*, a fearfully incompetent file clerk, files "the sergeant-major's cow" under "exports" and "native tobacco" under "elephant poachers"; but he takes great pride in his fancy penmanship. He jumps out of his chair and laughs triumphantly when he thinks he has written a perfect capital S. He believes he has mastered an important part of the white man's ju-ju.

Incidentally, the childishness of Africans is one of the unfailing stocks in trade of fiction about Africa. In her *God's Stepchildren* (1924) the South African novelist Sarah Gertrude Millin describes a curious "crime." An irresponsible young half-caste tries to demonstrate his rifle marksmanship by shooting at an Indian's red cap. Since he is really a poor shot, he kills the luckless Indian and "gets ten years" for manslaughter. In her *Sons of Mrs. Aab* (1931) she describes an incredibly stubborn houseboy who, when he has got used to polishing the floor on Wednesday, refuses to do the work on any other day; in fact, is willing to go to jail rather than polish the floor on any other day.

In René Maran's *Batouala* (1921) the Africans of a certain district in French Equatorial Africa get up a wild dance in the absence of the local commandant and tell over their grievances against the whites; they regret the good old days when they worked very little, fought their enemies in wonderful exciting fights and ate those enemies to incorporate their courage. Louise Stinetorf's *White Witch Doctor* (1950), an autobiographical novel based on an American missionary's work in Africa, gives some wonderful instances of African childishness. A "superannuated Mission boy" has to be kept away from worship meetings, for he is likely to rise in the middle of the sermon and demand

palm wine or banana beer. The "social afternoons for native women" present a difficulty. Severely lectured for the immodesty of their costume, a bark loin cloth, the women appear at the next "afternoon" with their breasts modestly covered and the rest of their bodies "as bare as the limbs of a fig tree in January."

The effrontery and the impropriety of Cary's Africans are something to reckon with. Clerk Johnson goes through the district officer's coat pockets, brazenly reads his letters from his fiancee, then pretends to have picked the letters up from the floor. From an African audience in *Aissa Saved* come some very free comments on the figure of a missionary's wife: "Au, she's only a little girl, and look at the size of her belly. White women are all like that. They have no breasts and they're like little girls." The saucy baggage Obishala in *The African Witch* has a real talent for effrontery.

> She paid no attention to the whites. Her walk nevertheless was that of a pretty girl who challenges all the world to put her down; with breasts thrown forward, shoulders loosely bent, hips swaying, buttocks lazily sliding up and down. . . . She looked around her with a scornful and detached curiosity, despising the white man even in his things, hitched up her cloth and scratched her belly.

But imagine such female impudence massed, organized, disciplined. The female cohorts of Lisbet Aladai's woman's war, who cause District Officer Burwash so much painful embarrassment, are really formidable opponents. On one occasion these determined women crowd on a bridge to block his passage and to "rattle him." One woman "screams like an engine whistle." Another lifts her cloth to expose "her milk chocolate body" in a manner to suggest a "coquettish triumph." In a derisive chorus, the women shrill out their risqué heckling.

Such African high jinks are bad enough, but Cary's mischievous Africans can do worse, can obstruct "progress" so stubbornly, commit such offenses against good order that we may wonder if Cary is not suggesting that the imperialist mission in Africa must fail altogether unless the colonial bureaucracy adopts another set of operating procedures and fundamental principles. Consider how difficult and discouraging Cary's Africans make the work of the district officers. Bradgate, District Officer in *Aissa Saved*, has been telling his charges that they must stop selling their children as a measure of retrenchment during a drought. The Africans think his position in this matter is so unreasonable that they imagine he has some sort of queer religious scruple against the practice of selling children. As a matter of fact, they are not at all disposed to take Bradgate seriously anyway. "It seemed to them all that Bradgate was talking nonsense, but they listened patiently and respectfully and did not think badly of him because (they said) it is his business to tell such tales."

When an African sympathetic to the views and policies of Bewsher, District Officer in *An American Visitor*, makes a speech in favor of Bewsher's All-Birri project (the federation of all the Birri peoples), the reaction of his audience is childish in the extreme. "All the ideas of Bewsher made you laugh when they were not a bore or a nuisance. At the word All-Birri in the last sentence of Obai's speech the girls began to titter and some men called out 'the all-fish.'" This comment is taken as first-class wit, and everybody tries to improve on it with "the all-goats," "the all-parrots," "the all-calabashes," "the all-noses," "the all-navels." And that is the reception accorded Bewsher's best scheme of political reform.

The native administrations which govern Nigerians under the supervision of British political officers need constant watching. When the old emir in *The African Witch* dies, poisoned by an impatient successor, the late emir's staff and very large domestic menage are in peril. The hangers-on of the new regime rage through the emir's quarters, looting, and abusing members of the household. They shamefully mistreat the old emir's favorite wife. One of them proposes to cut off her finger so that they may get her expensive rings in a hurry. Another wants to "rip her up first." They drag the old woman about the ground, trample her, and claw her as if she were a corpse.

But Lisbet Aladai, organizer of the woman's war in *The African Witch*, is the great saboteur of imperial bureaucracy par excellence. Those of us who remember Kipling's fox-hunting, foxy governor in the Sudan ("Little Foxes," in *Actions and Reactions*) and his adroit management of Sudanese grievances, may wonder if even such a competent man on the spot as he—or all the self-assured district officers and collectors in Kipling—could pull the wool over the eyes of Lisbet Aladai. Lisbet is a juju woman, illiterate, conservative in the manner of those African bush conservatives that care nothing for white man's power or his gadgets. Her campaign of passive resistance takes into account the weaknesses of the bureaucratic system by which the British rule her people, and her tactics shrewdly exploit the very virtues of her white masters. When this splendid negress confers with Burwash, she calmly takes a chair without being asked to—a bold gesture—and looks at the indignant sentry with "majestic anger." She tells Burwash, "You do what I say, war done stop one time." Their conference is as "one governor to another" and their parting solemn and impressive. The two potentates shake hands, and Lisbet moves slowly away "like a monument on wheels."

Burwash is hopelessly outmatched. What can he do when Lisbet is so much more capable as an executive —and has telepathic powers to boot? So in the privacy of her compound in that impenetrable warren, the native quarter of town, she does pretty much as she pleases, even if she pleases to burn off the legs of

one of her prisoners in a witchcraft case. Her real opponent, the one worthy of her mettle, is the preacher Coker, who professes a weird, debased, and brutalized version of Christianity. This spellbinder can hypnotize an African tribe with a sufficiently gruesome accessory, the head of a missionary murdered by his fanatical followers, but he can't get the best of Lisbet.

Even when Cary's district officer secures the good will of an African, the African's assistance in the civilizing effort may play sad havoc with imperialist plans. Clerk Johnson misfiles official correspondence, reads his superior's mail, and wastes time in exulting over his penmanship; still these are only misdemeanors and petty nuisances. But when he steals confidential personnel reports and sells them to the native officials confidentially described in them, extorts an illegal toll on the bridges of the new road and the new guest houses, and absent-mindedly appropriates treasury money for creature comforts like bangles, patent-leather shoes, and a canopy chair, then the mischief is getting serious. Finally, Clerk Johnson has to be executed; thievery is his undoing. He kills a white trader who has caught him in one of his frequent visits to the petty cash drawer and the gin stores. District Officer Rudgate is quite upset over the case. Johnson has been his chief foreman, his right-hand man, in the "road game," in fact, the one person to share his passion for road-building. Besides, he was such a likable fellow, with his triumph songs (music, lyrics, and dance steps improvised) and his gay gin parties.

Prince Aladi in *The African Witch* is certainly well disposed toward white men. An Oxford graduate fully aware of the backwardness of his district, he is a promising young candidate for the emirship of Rimi. His claim to the chief position in the native administration would have been allowed, and he would have made an intelligent, progressive ruler useful to the Empire, if all had gone well. But all did not go well. By walking into the section of the local racecourse reserved for whites he incurs the wrath of an official's wife ("Just showing off," Mrs. Platt exclaims) and a young woman visiting her fiance, a police officer ("So frightfully pushing—that kind of black man"). The Prince graciously invites a friend of his, a lady don from Oxford, into the native quarter, and the lady is involved in a dangerous native riot. He commits a terrible *faux pas* by dropping in on the local service club and quoting line after merciless line of English poetry at the white officials. But worst of all, he dances with confused, commonplace Dryas Honeywood. At that monstrous crime, her simple-minded and excitable fiancee Police Officer Rackam goes berserk, scuffles with the gentlemanly prince, bloodies his nose, and precipitates a riot. The humiliated Oxford graduate starts a quite futile native revolt, and the troops have to be called in. The hopeful young prince dies uselessly and

ingloriously, his good qualities all wasted. The waste of so many good human qualities on both sides—English and native—makes the tragedies in Cary's African tragicomedies.

In Cary's novels African mischief is as troublesome to the missionaries as to the political officers, so troublesome that missionary activity appears almost futile, if not entirely so. In *Aissa Saved* the Christian converts go on a rampage. There is a bad drought at the time and famine threatens. The African farmers are shouting that it is "time some god or other" helped them. Some of them are whipping the mounds dedicated to the local fertility goddess Oke and "cursing her for a swindler." After consulting the Big Oracle (a punch board affiair full of Biblical texts written on thin rolls of paper), the Christians invade the pagan quarter of town and stir up a bloody riot which jeopardizes the safety of the native officers of the government. In their excitement both the pagans and the Christians revert to some old African customs highly repugnant to their white rulers, among them, brutish torture of prisoners and human sacrifice. At the height of the disturbance Oje, one of the most promising of the converts, proclaims the Kingdom of God and publishes a directive abolishing private property, money, marriage (and fornication), beer, gin, whisky, all judges (even white judges), all laws except those in the Bible, all books except the Bible.

Cary's district officers, the men who "wait in heavy harness on fluttered folk and wild," are not the exalted creatures of Kipling's view of imperialism; they have no knack for handling "inferior breeds," and they never quite manage that aloof, lordly manner of the Kiplingesque man on the spot. Like most of us, they look downright silly sometimes, and their Nigerians are often enough deplorably disrespectful. Burwash in *The African Witch* is a fuddy-duddy bureaucrat. Rudbeck in *Mister Johnson* ("Pigsneck" to the Africans) is a road-building fanatic, very perfunctory in his other duties. Bradgate ("Belly") in *Aissa Saved* dresses like a tramp and scandalizes the grave Moslem functionaries by his lack of decorum and dignity. Gore, the Assistant District Officer in *American Visitor*, is a busy little compromiser who hates to make a decision or to offend anyone, white or black. His colleague Bewsher, a district officer, far from being a trimmer, suffers from his fixed idea that he can protect his Birri from the unsettling and corrupting influences of white civilization. Failing to prevent the encroachment of a mining company on Birri land, his Birri believe he has betrayed them to the "interests," and the African who has been most sympathetic to his ideas assassinate him. A punitive expedition, though it is responsible for very few deaths, breaks up the tribal organization and destroys the sanctions of the ancient tribal laws, so that Bewsher's successors have to call in the mining com-

pany to bring some sort of order to a mob of detribalized Africans.

Indeed in Cary's African novels it is not always clear just who is managing whom, for the Africans often come close to managing their managers.

> Does he [the District Officer] like ceremony? Then he must be met with camel drums and royal salutes. Does he like wandering about on the farms and talking crops? Then he must be provided at once with a few reliable farmers primed to tell him the right things. Does he hate sinecures? Then a council must be held to decide which of the Emir's old pensioners must be sacrificed. . . . A hamfish or Mallam judge . . . is the least feared and harmless of all the judges. He never finds out anything. . . . This is the judge who believes everything in the official reports.

But surely, one may protest, the Africans are not as backward and as superstitious as Cary would have us believe. Doesn't he hold a distorting mirror up to African human nature? Isn't he justifying the imperialist venture in Africa by showing that the Africans "can't run their own show," catering to our unregenerate feelings of racial superiority by exaggerating African childishness, superstition, and fecklessness?

The witchcraft, for instance—it would seem that witchcraft should have been stamped out in the long-settled areas of Africa long ago. As a matter of fact, witchcraft is still going strong in Africa, as Cary's novels suggest. In the October, 1935, issue of *Africa*, the journal of the International Institute of African Languages and Culture, an issue devoted to witchcraft, all the anthropologist contributors agree that the old African superstitions are holding their own. Audrey I. Richards reports that "economic changes have so shattered tribal institutions and moral codes that the result is in many cases an actual increase in the dread of witchcraft and therefore in the whole incidence of magic."

Frank Melland makes an admission that would seem to authenticate the superstition of Cary's Africans. "Many officials, missionaries, and others," he says, "who used to believe that this sort of thing was dying out, and much less prevalent than of old, now admit that they were wrong." Melland explains that the witch doctors, who used to spend most of their time in directing the observances required in the old ancestor worship, now work exclusively in witchcraft and are now "rapidly acquiring a vested interest in the work." (We are reminded of Lisbet Aladai, the African Witch, who certainly answers to this description of the modern witch doctor.) The word of the witch doctor "carries infinitely more weight" than that of the official or missionary with the mass of Africans. The execution of witches goes on right under the noses of the white men: "In one historic case these things were going on under the shadow of a mission [compare the situation in *Aissa Saved*] . . . and a District Officer (of more than average ability) was touring the district in the very steps

of the doctor who was conducting the case. . . . A man was beaten to death with knobberries within a few yards of my tent."

But Cary's Africans are so childish, so irresponsible. They all seem to be Gulley Jimsons, without the excuse of being artists and geniuses. Well, Africans usually do appear childish in white men's novels. Indeed Africans seem so to most white observers, and it is natural that they should. As Africans try to approximate as closely as possible the habits and appearance of white men, they are bound to make ridiculous errors in social behavior and to live by an incongruous mixture of European and old African beliefs. In his entertaining memoirs of an adventurous life in Africa Peter Rainier tells us that his laborers tried to carry wheelbarrows full of earth on their heads, that they thought white people came only in the male sex and couldn't conceive of a "white-man woman." Dr. Albert Schweitzer complains that his temper has been sorely tried by his patients and helpers in French Equatorial Africa. They cannot understand how to take their medicine: "They empty the bottle at one go, and eat the ointment, and rub the powder in their skins." They steal everything not locked up or nailed down. "The Negro steals not merely what will be of value to him, but anything that attracts him for the moment." When the doctor scolds them for their laziness, they reply with charming insouciance: "Doctor, don't shout at us so! It is your own fault. Stay here and we shall work, but if you are in the hospital with the sick folk, we are alone and do nothing."

Of course it's only fair to the Africans to remind ourselves that irresponsible mischief-making and "playing dumb" have always been the defense of subordinates against unwelcome authority. Real Africans and Cary's Africans behave like the wily privates in our army, working strategems upon officers commissioned and noncommissioned. For all the Dual Mandate (to develop Africa for the welfare of the Africans and that of the rest of the world), the wise and humane system of indirect rule by which the Africans participate in government, and the very high ideals of British political service, British rule in Africa is not precisely welcome, and Cary does well to convey the restiveness of Africans under imperial rule. Incidentally, the conflict between authority and youth, high spirits, and creative talents is prominent in Cary's English novels also; his Africans are not much more restive under authority than Rose's sisters in *The Moonlight* or Tom Wilcher's nephew and niece in *To Be a Pilgrim*.

Appearances are very deceiving in Africa. The white observer can never be quite sure how far the African has gone in adopting white civilization. The anthropologist Audrey I. Richards warns us that the chief who dispenses justice from "a mud and wattle verandah" may have approached the mental attitude of the

white men more closely than the chief who has a brand new brick courthouse. The man in the "lounge suit" who seems to be thoroughly Europeanized may turn out to be "the most competent diviner in the neighborhood." A villager clad in a bunch of rags refuses his [the anthropologist's] medicine, saying politely, 'You white people always give us Epsoms. I would like please two tablets of aspirin.'" But after all, we should not be surprised at such anomalous behavior in Africans. They simply fumble and blunder like the *nouveaux riches* in our stratified western societies. They remind us of the socially ambitious parvenus in the Victorian novels.

Even if we admit that the Africans are childish in an absolute sense because they are nurtured in a less sophisticated culture founded on prescientific, irrational, childlike thought, we must admit also that they are not staying in that stage of human development. Cary himself is a great deal more hopeful about the capability of Africans than are his fictional political officers, those harrassed "mudders-and-faders" of their people who are too busy and too annoyed to look beyond the horizon of district problems and the policies of the Colonial Service. In his pamphlet *The Case for African Freedom* (1941) he speaks very well of the Africans. "Racial differences may be deep, but no race exists, except perhaps a few remnants of the primitive bushmen, which is not capable of that degree of education and responsibility necessary to carry on the modern state." From his experience as a political officer in Nigeria he recalls a pagan bridge-builder who "invented all by himself . . . the compound lever, the multiple pulley and several new devices never seen before and probably never used again." He recalls a clerk who sat up all night to copy a report in time for the mail, subtle and learned Moslem judges, shrewd chiefs, capable hospital attendants, village headmen and lorry drivers "in no sense inferior to their white counterparts."

Educational efforts, Cary thinks, are by no means as futile as they may sometimes seem. Once he had himself given a demonstration on the need for drinking well water or filtered water to avoid the guinea worm; that same evening he saw the villagers drinking contaminated water from a pool. He reported to his superiors that the guinea worm campaign would not be successful without a staff of inspectors. But he was wrong; within a year a dissatisfied wife accused her husband of catching the guinea worm by drinking dirty water, and the villagers were beginning to dig wells. Cary believes the Army has been the most successful of the civilizing agencies because it "starts everywhere at once" in the civilizing process. "Dull, slack-jawed loafers . . . change with extraordinary quickness into brisk youngsters who pick up English and signalling and even simple arithmetic."

If we make allowances for the satirical tone of Cary's African

novels, we may be confident that they give an authentic view of the conflicts between white men's authority and black men's aspirations in modern Nigeria. His entirely credible Africans fairly represent one of the most important of Britain's subject peoples. Far from being eternally backward, far from being "India rubber idiots on a spree," they eagerly adopt European ideas and ways, though often with maddening inconsistency, unexpected lapses, and shocking backslidings. His political officers, though they are not godlike men with a natural gift for ruling backward peoples, fairly represent that devoted corps of hard-working officials who, for all their occasional bungling, try manfully to be pillars of decency, order and progressive authority in the British African dependencies. Yes, Cary's African novels deserve to be better known. When an important contemporary British novelist writes accomplished fiction on matters as significant in our time as the problems of British African imperialism, surely such fiction is worth critical attention.

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UN-ENGLISH ACTIVITIES

Lord Acton. A Study in Conscience and Politics. By Gertrude Himmelfarb. University of Chicago Press, 1952. $3.75.

Acton's Political Philosophy. An Analysis. By G. E. Fasnacht. The Viking Press, 1953. $4.

The great nineteenth-century historians were not, generally, distinguished by brevity or inclined to monographic caution. Contrasted with their massive, multi-volume narratives the writings of Lord Acton, though considerable in bulk, were individually little more than marginal jottings. Regarded by his contemporaries as the most learned man of his age, Acton wrote entirely as an essayist, and even his essays were not published in book form until after his death. His projected works were, it is true, fully as ambitious as any other historian's, but his "unwritten masterpieces" have, for the most part, been outlined only as the result of patient research and reconstruction of his vast accumulation of notes and manuscripts preserved at Cambridge. It is this puzzle, perhaps, that has served to arouse interest in Acton, for at present the least productive of Victorian historians is securing the greatest attention. Miss Himmelfarb and Mr. Fasnacht have attempted to illustrate and explain various aspects of this problem of personal complexity and intellectual failure, and of the two books that by Miss Himmelfarb is both more ambitious and more successful. It is an attempt to present the biography of a mind, and examines Acton not only as a historian, but as a political thinker and

religious controversialist. Mr. Fasnacht has limited himself to Acton's political philosophy, of which his book is in the nature of an anthology, repetitious in parts, and furnished with a somewhat oblique and disjointed commentary. Even so, the problem posed by this historian, whose abilities, learning and ambitions were so much greater than his achievements, is not entirely resolved. As Mr. Fasnacht observes, no one has entirely mastered the evidence, and it may be that no one will ever possess the erudition and determination to do so. Miss Himmelfarb has made a gallant attempt, but one has only to contrast her sensible, straightforward account of Acton's intellectual development with some of the quotations extracted by Mr. Fasnacht to realize the difficulty of trapping the subtle and devious reasoning of Acton, and its reduction to logical argument.

The country gentry of England has possessed far more than its due share of intelligence, stupidity, and character—both good and bad—which, coupled with an unusual degree of social and personal mobility has made for a rich individuality. Descended from an old Shropshire family, John Emerich Dalberg, 1st Baron Acton, was born in 1834 at Naples, where his paternal grandfather had become Prime Minister to the Bourbon monarch; and was related, on his mother's side, to an ancient Bavarian family which had passed, under Napoleon, into French service. After the early death of his father, his mother remarried, and his stepfather, Earl Granville, one of the leaders of the Whig political aristocracy, completed the circle of high European society in which Acton could move. His cosmopolitan background was confirmed by a European education: at the age of eight Acton already possessed a knowledge of four European languages, and his schooling was divided between Paris, an English Catholic school, and private tuition in Edinburgh. Although Acton had hoped to enter Cambridge, the Anglican prejudices of the University, which in the 1840's would admit, but not grant degrees, to Catholics, brought his rejection by three of the University's colleges, and he therefore turned to Munich, to become a private pupil of Professor Johann Ignaz von Döllinger, priest, theologian and Church historian, the most distinguished scholar of a center of Catholic studies. It was a momentous remove. For the next twenty years Acton engaged in the accumulation of a magnificent library, and in the reading—estimated to amount to two volumes a day—that was to make him by general consent the most learned man of his age. His move to Munich also involved him in the struggles between the Liberal and Ultramontane Catholics that preceded the declaration of Papal Infallibility in 1870. As editor of two English Catholic magazines, and in many articles in these and other

journals, Acton clashed with the Ultramontanes and with members of the hierarchy. The Vatican decrees led to the defiance and excommunication of Döllinger, who joined the Old Catholic church. His pupil, however, remained within the Roman communion. Neither Acton nor the Church was anxious to force a decisive break. A somewhat ambiguous acceptance of the decrees and future silence on religious controversies satisfied the Church, while Acton seems to have preserved mental reservations concerning papal infallibility. The compromise was made possible by the nature of the dispute. Acton did not dispute Catholic dogma: his faith was at bottom simple and unquestioning. His questions were those of an historian and of a man for whom conscience was the supreme guide. Could the Inquisition be justified? Should the history of the Papacy be glossed over? Was death or torture permissible to enforce religious truth? Acton protested, not against the truths of the Church, but against the methods of propagation of the truth, and for the right of others to dissent.

The first half of Acton's life was largely concerned with these issues and with the preparation for the writing of his great works of scholarship. The remaining years saw him engaged in planning the most general of these projects, his grandiose "History of Liberty," which was to extend his investigations from the problem of religious liberty to that of liberty in all its aspects. In 1895, by the decision of a historically-minded Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, he was appointed Regius Professor of History at Cambridge, and finally gained entrance to the institution from which he had been turned away over four decades previously. His success and influence were limited. Only a small group of undergraduates could understand or were interested in his lectures. His last task was to undertake the editorship of the *Cambridge Modern History*, and only the first volume was in type when he suffered a paralytic stroke in 1901, which led to his death in the following year.

That even this great co-operative work was left incomplete by Acton was a fitting conclusion to a life whose promise never seemed to lead to a commensurate achievement. The "History of Liberty" had been the most ambitious of many projects which he had planned to publish and towards which he had gathered a vast mass of largely unused materials. The collection of his essays and lectures was left to friends, and the task is not yet completed. The explanation of this continuing interest seems to involve more than the interests of the historiographer or hagiographer. On a limited basis, Acton interests historians as the amateur whose industry and methods instructed professional historians. He interests those who find in Acton a man who attempted to combine Catholicism and Liberalism, who believed that the

end of human endeavor was liberty, and that subscription to the truths of the Church did not circumscribe that end. This conflict, that enriched an initially complicated personality, completed the isolation that his European background had provided, and he complained:

> I find that people disagree with me either because they hold that Liberalism is not true, or that Catholicism is not true, or that both cannot be true together. If I could discover any one who is not included in these categories, I fancy we should get on very well together.

On a general level, however, there appears to be a belief that the writings of Acton are of importance today, that Acton, out of step with his age, marches beside our own. "He is of this age, more than of his," Miss Himmelfarb claims. "He is, indeed, one of our great contemporaries." Sir Harold Butler, in his foreword to Mr. Fasnacht's book, makes much the same assertion: ". . . it may be seen how relevant Acton's philosophy appears to our present political perplexities. Indeed, its study is perhaps even more important to us than it was to his contemporaries." Neither book stands or falls by these claims, but a sense of contemporary relevance seems to justify the importance attached to Acton.

Acton was concerned with problems of the nature and justification of authority, of the power of the State, of the challenges of democracy and socialism, of the preservation of individual liberty, and the dangers of nationalism. All these, it is true, are contemporary problems, and their investigation by such a learned and subtle mind cannot help providing illumination. Yet Acton says little that we cannot find elsewhere, and provides no easy solutions to contemporary dilemmas, for such was not his purpose. The significance of Acton lies not in that he is our contemporary, but that he was a Victorian. The timing, not the thesis, should attract our attention. The lesson of Lord Acton is not to be found in such famous aphorisms as "Power tends to corrupt and absolute power corrupts absolutely," for if the events of the last two decades have not impressed this fact on us we have little hope of understanding the present. The lesson surely must be that Acton, in 1862, could understand that nationalism is not an easy equation with liberty, as the peacemakers of 1919 tended to believe. Today, we cannot afford to spend sixty years discovering our errors the hard way. Acton believed that ideas were important, that we needed to trace their origins and analyse their content. He believed that history provided the background without which we could not appreciate contemporary conflicts. In short, that the reading of books is not necessarily dangerous to practical policies. Politicians, please take note.

PETER MARSHALL

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OURSELVES, OTHERS, AND PSYCHOTHERAPY

Errors of Psychotherapy. By Sebastian de Grazia. Doubleday, 1952. $3.

The Case Against Psychoanalysis. By Andrew Salter. Holt, 1952. $2.50.

Present-day psychotherapy has been affected in almost all of its variations by the work of Freud and his followers. Its practice and problems have several major facets: scientific knowledge of human experience and activity, therapeutic techniques, and values characteristic of healthy living. That such a novel and complex development has been understood and misunderstood, glorified and denigrated for different reasons and in different ways is not surprising, particularly in view of the fact that traditional philosophical, scientific and religious frames of reference seemed unable to accommodate the new knowledge. An approach to human experience and relationships with as many disturbing implications for "common sense" as the Copernican world view, Darwinian evolution, or atomic fission, has inevitably produced disequilibria of thought and feeling about ourselves, others, and psychotherapy.

Both the use of authority and the scientific character of psychotherapists' guiding frames of reference, particularly psychoanalysis, have been assailed. Certainly there have been errors in the use of authority as well as of the word "science" among psychotherapists. Some, rather sensitive to problems of this sort, have sought to obviate such charges by attempting, as did Carl Rogers, a "non-directive counseling" that made use of an extremely elementary conception of personality.

In *Errors of Psychotherapy*, de Grazia attacks secular psychotherapy on the grounds that "neurosis is a moral disorder" and that "secular psychotherapists have no idea of what to teach, have no knowledge of what to bind and what to let loose, have no unified conception of their own community or their dependence on it." It is asserted that psychotherapists use their misappropriated authority to instil clashing moral directives. De Grazia asks: "If their moral directives conflict, how can the collective effect of psychotherapy in the community be good? A community is an organism and when its cells eat each other it dies." As a remedy for this anomalous state of affairs, he advocates that religious and political authorities control and dispense psychotherapy. "Theirs is the task of raising and holding before men's eyes the vision of the ideal community. Only they have the tradition and the training to do this. Theirs is the duty." De Grazia extols the work of the Catholic Church and raises confession and absolution by properly constituted psychotherapists to a model of the ideal psychotherapy. The social and political implications of this biased diagnosis and centralized treatment of psychotherapy become clearer if we consider that the "unifying" influence of state and church on psychotherapy are perhaps strongest today in the Soviet Union and Spain

respectively, accepting de Grazia's definition of psychotherapy. Whatever the "errors of psychotherapy" may be, it is apparent that this partisan analysis of their nature, as well as the means proposed for dealing with them are not reconcilable with an open democratic approach. They are, however, reconcilable with the acceptance of the fiats and forgiveness of secular and religious authorities, whether the confession be given in Russian or Spanish.

Andrew Salter's *The Case Against Psychoanalysis* is a well-worn kind of attack on the validity of psychoanalytic theory and practice, from the standpoint of "conditioned reflex" theory. And he doesn't spare the acid. However, the result has resemblances to the recent productions of Senator McCarthy in the political realm, with its quotation of passages out of context, its emphasis on the "sex" in psychoanalysis, and use of innuendo.

Whatever room there may be for new developments in psychotherapy, and however we may regard the work of Freud and his successors, shrill voices appealing to absolute authority in moral matters, or invoking prejudice and laughter in the criticism of personality theory, can only shrink the still available room for thought. In the still free world the thought and activity that revolves about the problem of man and his values is not to be cut to fit the dictates of church or state, nor Pavlovian inferences from the behavior of dogs.

ERLING ENG

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MAX OTTO

The Cleavage in Our Culture. Edited by Frederick Burkhardt. Beacon Press, 1952. $3.

Almost fifty years ago Max Otto began his career at the Univesity of Wisconsin. When he retired from active teaching he had achieved an unusual measure of distinction as an effective teacher and had become one of America's outstanding creative thinkers. His own version of a responsible and realistic scientific humanism is one of our important cultural resources. His enthusiasm and earnestness have proved so contagious that others have been stimulated to make their own singular contributions to the growing movement. To pay tribute to these accomplishments and to honor his friendship, a notable group of American thinkers, almost all of whom have worked with him at Wisconsin, have published a collection of their "studies in scientific humanism" under the editorship of Frederick Burkhardt. In thus honoring the man, they have increased the effectiveness of the enterprise to which Mr. Otto has unflaggingly devoted himself.

One striking trait of scientific humanism immediately commands recognition. It is not simply an intellectual plaything suited to the solitary

entertainment of professional philosophers. To be sure, philosophers are among those who speak eloquently for it. But there are also spokesmen from fields as diverse as mathematics and social philosophy, economics and education, religion and psychiatry. This volume reveals scientific humanism as a diversely manned social undertaking.

The first chapter, by Boyd H. Bode, provides both the title for the book and the central theme for the chapters which follow: That much of today's cultural confusion is related to the unexamined belief that man lives in two worlds, symbolized by Kant as the starry heavens above and the moral law within. The resulting cleavage gives a group of "moral specialists" the exclusive prerogative for making decisions about what is desirable. These specialists are not required to become entangled in the complex situations of everyday living. They do not suffer the immediate consequences of the decisions they impose on others. Yet they claim the authority to legislate for others what is right and wrong. They are the moral thought-controllers of our day. On the other hand, those who actually carry on the workaday business of living are deemed incapable of deciding what direction their work should take. They are thereby relieved of responsibility for the consequences of their actions since others set the directions to be taken. This vicious cleavage is repudiated by Bode. In its place is offered the liberating belief that "ordinary experience can generate its own values." This becomes the theme of the book. Although Bode saw a trend away from the two-world view, he also believed much labor remained to be done before a satisfactory "one-world" way of life could be achieved.

The authors of the other chapters map out some of the labors needed for eliminating the stultifying cultural schizophrenia of a two-world view. We see the exciting visions of a responsible and scientific humanism committed to the widest application of man's intelligence as systematized and sharpened in the scientific method.

John Dewey, in a clear and searching essay, calls contemporary philosophers to task. He chides them for engaging in the busy work of polishing and refining tools—tools which have no further worth save that of polishing and refining tools in their own image. Instead of such a flight from human responsibility, Dewey argues that philosophy now has the opportunity and the challenge to show "how systematic use of the resources provided by the methods and conclusions of natural inquiry can serve the interests of our common humanity." Horace Kallen's contribution on truth calls attention to the significance of the actual social context which makes "truth" both meaningful and valuable. The cogency of philosophy for coping with society's problems is outlined by Ed-

uard Lindeman in his chapter on the method and purposes of social philosophy. George Geiger, in a crisp style, outlines the problem of an ethics which will be realistically integrated with the rest of our knowledge and experience. These essays, dealing with readily recognized philosophical problems, provide a welcome relief from the presently drab and arid Mumbo Jumbo that the fashionable philosophical dogmatists pass off as philosophy.

A compelling relevance marks the other chapters. Arnold Dresden surveys his own field of mathematics for guidance in clarification of methodoligical problems in the social sciences. The psychologist Norman Cameron writes on ethical problems from a biosocial approach. A. Eustace Haydon contributes a humane study of religion. Harold Taylor writes as a champion of the education of the individual at a time when the mass methods of higher education seem to obscure our vision of the individual. A glimpse of the significance of scientific humanism for economics is given by C. E. Ayres. Horace S. Fries, whose tragic death removed one of the most imaginative thinkers on the American scene, applies Max Otto's idea of creative bargaining to the fundamental issues of social planning. Each in his own way makes his own field serve the larger interests of mankind.

A fitting conclusion is provided by the gracefully written biographical note by George C. Sellery.

Amidst a chorus grown hoarse from chanting an old-fashioned litany of man's pettiness and ineptitude, these authors speak clearly and confidently for man's undeniable powers. Firmly convinced that social and personal salvation depend upon the use of man's powers, they address themselves to the task of making those powers effective. Where other men see only man's failures, they discern challenges to man's intelligence. Where other thinkers counsel despair, these thinkers work harder, convinced that only so can despair be dispelled. Refusing to be entrapped by "trends" and "historical inevitabilities," these writers urge a wider diffusion of social participation and control as the means to a world shaped to man's purposes. Yet there is never any lapse into a witless optimism. It is because the stakes are so high and the consequences of failure so horrible that all human beings are called upon to use their utmost powers to meet the issues of today's life.

To a superb degree *The Cleavage in Our Culture* is a proper tribute to Max Otto. Instead of the usual *Festschrift* with its hodgepodge of rehashed and often irrelevant ideas, there is a freshness and unity of purpose in this volume which partakes of Mr. Otto's own philosophical achievement. But the unity is not won at the expense of the individuality of the participants. It is instead one manifestation of the

ideal which has guided Mr. Otto in his relations with colleagues and students: diversity of interests and abilities with unremitting devotion to the common cause of the human enterprise. He has asked no more of his associates; he has demanded no less. What happens when that ideal is lived up to is magnificently displayed in this brilliant set of studies. They deserve a wide reading by both professionals and laymen.

KEITH MCGARY
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Letters - - - -

WORLD FEDERALISM

Editors of *The Antioch Review:*

In his review of Norman Cousins' book, *Who Speaks For Man?* in the Summer issue, Louis Filler says: "Communists must further the establishment of Communist states. Business men must meet their payrolls. World Federalists, apparently, need do little more than to point to the senselessness of war, and to a machinery which will function more efficiently than the UN. Is it entirely surprising that ordinary people in India and in America prefer to go to the motion pictures?" His review also carries the implication that federalist leaders, and Norman Cousins in particular, further the cause of world federation for personal gain. All of this, in my opinion, is very wide of the mark.

The reviewer apparently does not realize that a great many federalists *are* business men who must meet payrolls. Federalist business men are convinced that our traditional American freedoms, economic and otherwise, are threatened by the intolerable waste and destructiveness of war. They are convinced also that there is no solution of the problem of war apart from some form of enforceable world law. For this reason many of them are doing everything in their power to assist the movement for a strengthened UN with authority to enact, interpret, and enforce world law. Often, their contribution of time and money is made at a great personal sacrifice. Never, to my knowledge, has it been a source of personal gain.

As far as the brilliant editor, Norman Cousins, is concerned, I happen to know that his service to the cause of world peace under world law has cost him a great deal of money. As President of United World Federalists, Inc., he has foregone many opportunities to enhance his own financial position. The entire proceeds from at least one edition of *Who Speaks For Man?* were donated to

UWF. In countless other ways he has contributed rather than personally benefitted in his labors for the federalist movement. Cousins is not only a brilliant man; he is a dedicated one.

There is no space here to argue the case for world federation. Suffice it to say that many of the profoundest minds in the world believe in its reality as a program and a goal. My suggestion is simply this: Read *Who Speaks For Man?* and form your own conclusion.

La Canada, California PALMER VAN GUNDY

Editor's note: The *Antioch Review* has received two other letters similar in tone to this one and emphasizing that Mr. Cousins makes no money out of his World Federalist labors. As to the last, Mr. Filler's only comment was: "I am not sure that Burton Rascoe has a point, in his October 8, 1951, article in the *Freeman*, . . . apparently demonstrating that Mr. Cousins makes a good thing, financially and every other way, of all his causes." Mr. Filler also conceded in full the point made by Mr. Van Gundy in the first sentence of his second paragraph, that many "federalists *are* business men who must meet payrolls"; in fact, he emphasized it.

To recapitulate Mr. Filler's chief criticism, he wrote as follows: "World federalism, in practice, seems a kind of safety valve for the feebly discontented, rather than a germinal force among strong contemporary forces."

INFLUENCES IN DARROW'S LIFE

Editors of *The Antioch Review:*

Allow a close friend and for years a professional associate of the late Clarence Darrow, to thank you for the fine, informing and appreciative article on him in your spring number. A few additional facts about his intellectual development and philosophy will, I feel sure, interest not only his admirers but also many of his critics and impartial students of human nature. Darrow was by no means a simple public figure; certain estimates of him have been published which were based on misconceptions or inadequate knowledge.

Two eminent men profoundly influenced Darrow's thinking—Leo Tolstoy, the "Christian Anarchist" and William G. Sumner, the Yale economist and sociologist. In his youth, Darrow wholeheartedly accepted the Tolstoyan doctrine of nonresistance to crime and wrote a pamphlet on the subject. Even in his maturity he repeatedly expressed doubt as to the efficacy, or utility, of punishment in any form or degree. He often hinted at his doubts in making pleas to juries. In his lecture he was naturally more candid and more emphatic. Executions, penitentiaries, county jails, he firmly believed, failed to deter men and women from committing crimes. In his youth, Darrow demanded of himself, as of others, absolute consistency. In his old age he told a fundamentalist clergyman with whom he debated Prohibition that, if he were converted to Christianity, it would be complete, primitive, righteous Christianity, *literal* in respect of possessions,

ownership, care for the morrow, and so on. Inconsistency moved him as well as a passion for logic.

From Sumner chiefly, he learned two cardinal truths—that the system of tariff protection is unsound and unjust, and that industrial and economic liberty is essential to prosperity and equality of opportunity. One speech on free trade, which Governor John P. Altgeld happened to hear, gave Darrow his start in Chicago. Altgeld offered him the position of City Attorney, or corporation council, and he accepted it.

His rise was rapid after that. He rejected all labels, never declared himself a philosophical anarchist, though that was at bottom his philosophy. He never joined any club, not even the Literary Club, to which several of his associates and friends belonged.

The second major doctrine he learned from Sumner—not the economist but the ripe and judicious sociologist—was respect and due consideration for folkways, conventions and traditions. Conditions, he came to realize, were not easily overridden by theory, and life in settled communities had its own logic. That realization modified and affected all his subsequent thinking. Radical reformers seemed to him unrealistic and superficial. He had, he said, no panaceas. He questioned much, and asserted little. He became more and more pessimistic. He came to deny the theory of Progress and the meaning and value of human life. His partner, Peter Sissman observed, truly, that Darrow "loved life so deeply that the inevitability of death made him a pessimist." A paradox? Yes, but not to those who knew Darrow well and worked with him.

La Jolla, California VICTOR S. YARROS